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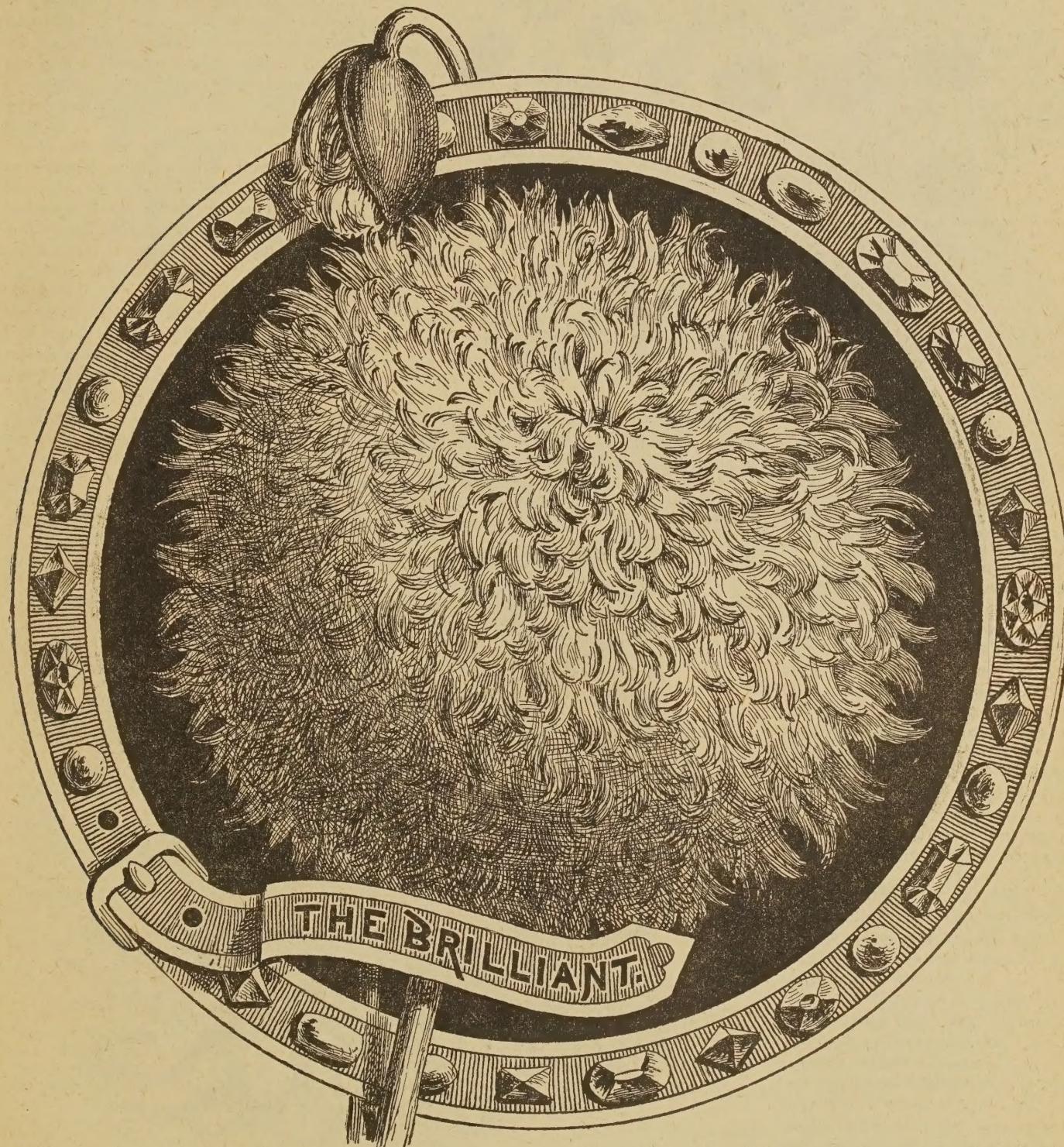
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VICK'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.



A Few New Flowers.

In the whole realm of the vegetable world there is no plant which supplies a product which has had more blessings and more curses pronounced upon it than the poppy. The dried juice of its seed vessels, under the name of opium, or its refined form, morphine, legitimately used by the direction of the skillful physician,

is a healing and soothing balm to the sick sufferer wracked with physical pain. Employed in this proper and guarded manner it brings rest and somnolence which, though not natural, is productive of excellent results to the poor patient, and honors the plant from which it is produced, making it worthy to stand as the symbol of "kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy

sleep," and to merit the ascription in measured numbers of the Greek poet:

"Near the Cimmerians lurks a cave in steep
And hollow hills, the Mansion of dull Sleep.
Before the entrance, fruitful poppy grows
With numerous simples, from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it o'er the earth."

But woe, woe unutterable, has followed the habitual use of the drug. Its victims in a few

short and forgetful years become physical wrecks, lost to society and unbearable burdens to themselves and all connected with them. When its effects have passed off from those who thus abuse themselves with this product of the poppy they have no rest from their quivering

The usual height of the flower stems is from two to three feet, the flowers standing well up above the foliage. During the past year a new variety of dwarf growth has been on trial with us and has proved to be a most satisfactory and desirable plant. It grows to a height of only



CALLIOPSIS NEW GOLDEN KING.

nerves until they again put themselves under its influence. Their torments are unceasing and

"Which no cooling herb
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp;
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure."

The agencies for man's improvement or degradation are on every hand, only with himself it lies to walk in "heavenly places" or to make his bed in hell.

The poppy as a garden flower is a plant that is bright and beautiful and there are many admirable forms of it; the one of which a characteristic illustration is here given belongs to a strain of double poppies with very large flowers, having the petals finely fringed and presenting a variety of bright colors; these are pure white, white with a pink tinge, scarlet, rose, purple and other shades. The ends of the petals or fringes are frequently of a deeper tint than the rest. This strain of poppy known as the Brilliant will be found admirable in all its variations, and its flowers are much more lasting than those of single varieties. There is no easier plant to raise from seed than the poppy, and a good breadth of the Brilliant in the garden border will make it bright and gay. Successive sowings during the spring may be made so that the season of bloom will be prolonged through the summer. The single varieties of the poppy have each their individual merits and all should be liberally employed in the garden, but the double sorts are most enduring.

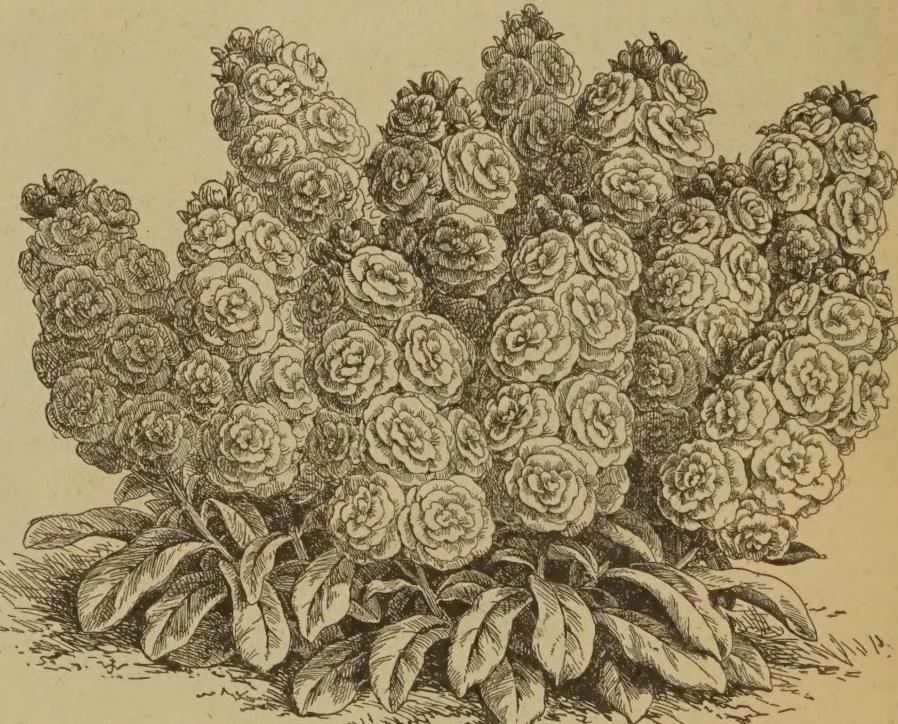
CALLIOPSIS NEW GOLDEN KING.

The calliopsis as a garden flower is one of the most popular of the annuals, and no one acquainted with it will omit it from a collection. As a flower it is equally admired in a growing or a cut state, and it has become customary in good gardens to raise it in liberal quantities.

ers is the Ten-weeks stock and one that is easily raised. Its many varieties provide fragrant flowers suitable to nearly all occasions. Good flowers for cutting are always in demand and when fragrance is one of their characteristics they are doubly prized. The Imperial Ten-weeks stock is a new acquisition and it cannot fail to be highly appreciated. It is a plant of robust habit of growth, producing long, massive spikes of beautiful double flowers of delicate and most agreeable fragrance. It remains in bloom a long time, and when used for cutting the side shoots, which are produced later, greatly prolong the season. Seeds sowed in May will make fine blooming plants in autumn; if started earlier in the house or cold-frame they can be brought into bloom the latter part of summer. They make excellent winter blooming plants, and for this purpose the seeds can be sown in a cool border in July and the plants afterwards transplanted and well cared for until September when they should be lifted and potted and either taken into the house or placed in a cold-frame for a month or six weeks, the latter course being preferable. Such plants will bloom nearly the whole winter through. Seeds of Ten-weeks stock sowed this month in pots or boxes will give plants which can be planted out as soon as the weather is favorable in the spring and will come into bloom early in the season. Thus it will be seen that in this plant the flower lover has a resource for beautiful, fragrant flowers almost continuously through the year.

In calling attention at this time especially to the new strain of Stock Imperial it is not intended to disparage those older ones which are already well known; these have well established their claims and can be depended upon. The

ten or twelve inches and blooms profusely. The flowers or heads are an inch and a half or two inches in diameter, the margin of a fine bright yellow and the center a rich maroon. This variety is known as the Golden King and will no doubt become very popular when it becomes known. Its low-growing habit will make



IMPERIAL TEN-WEEKS STOCK.

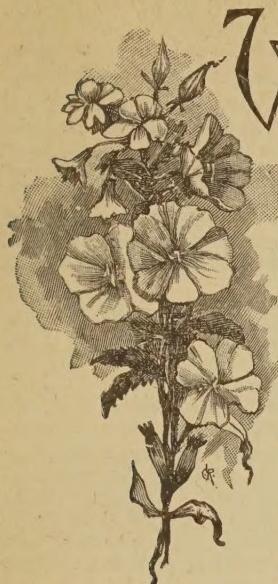
it available in many places where the taller varieties would be unsuitable, hence it will not replace or come into competition with them but will add to the richness and brightness of our gardens by its own peculiar beauty.

IMPERIAL TEN-WEEKS STOCK.

One of the most useful of plants for cut flow-

new comer appears to have substantial merits and should be welcomed and tested thoroughly. Try it side by side with the older sorts and give both the same treatment and this way the qualities of both can be compared. This is the true way to test all new varieties—they should not be given better culture because they are new and then because they do well be overpraised.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WORLD'S FAIR.



WE publish herewith the portraits of Mrs. Potter Palmer and Mrs. Mary E. Trautman, president and vice president of the Board of Women Managers for the World's Fair—two women of particular interest to all women workers, and those interested in seeing women receive the credit due them, at the coming Exposition.

Mrs. Palmer is a beautiful and cultured woman. She was born in Kentucky, educated in a convent, and has always been closely identified with benevolent work. Her husband is the well-known Potter Palmer of Chicago, and they have a beautiful home in that city. Her charities are boundless, her sympathies cover the world. Into the work connected with the women's department of the World's Fair she brings the same disinterested enthusiasm, she is working from morning till night, entirely without recompense, heart and soul absorbed in making a grand success of women's work.

She has in the vice president, Mrs. Mary E. Trautman, a woman after her own heart, a perfect tower of strength in business ability, clear, keen judgment, and thorough knowledge of charitable work. She was born in New York City, and has always lived there. She has always taken a deep interest in charitable and other organizations and was one of the founders of the "Ladies Health Protective Association," which has done

such admirable work in New York City that the authorities, who at first treated them with contempt, now recognize them as authority on every sanitary question. She was also one of the founders of a charity whose object was the training of nurses to send free among the sick poor. To enlarge the work they consolidated with the Hahnemann Hospital, where Mrs. Trautman is a member of the essential committee and also on the committee for engaging and discharging nurses. She is a member of the Sorosis Club and other organizations where she is more passive, but where she is deeply interested.

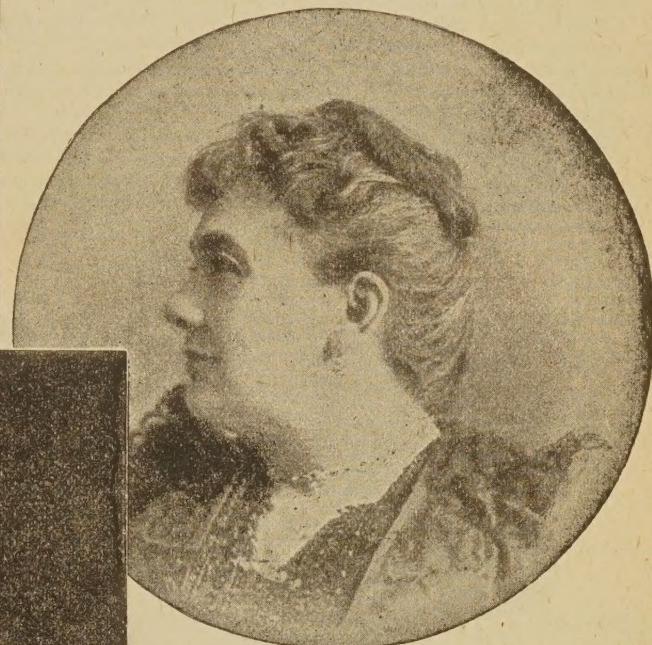
With two such women at the head of the women's department, the enthusiasm which attended the second session of the Board of Women Managers on September 2d cannot be wondered at, particularly if the other members were of the same caliber. Representative women from all the States and Territories met and laid their plans. Up to this time there had been much confusion growing out of the inexperience of the members and the extreme vagueness as to the rights and privileges of the board. But this was all obviated at the last session. They now know what they want to do, and how to do it. Mrs. Palmer by her personal efforts during her trip through Europe this year aroused such enthusiasm that the British World's Fair Commissioners, now *en route* to Chicago, come pledged to give women a place in England's representation.

The first delineation of the board's plans has given an impetus to women's work in an entirely new direction. The surprising result of the determination of the board to have the Woman's Building designed by a woman is known to the world. The official seal for the board was the next incentive; 107 designs were submitted at the last session, of which number seven were sent to St. Gaudens to make a selection. A circular will soon be issued inviting competitive designs for a badge.

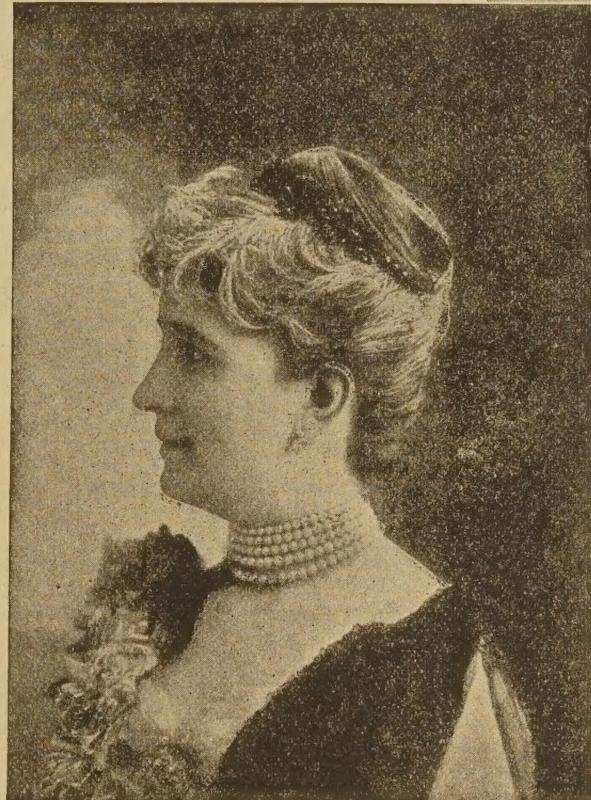
The most important competition, however, yet invited from women is for the statuary upon the exterior of the Woman's Building. Circulars

stating details have already been sent out. There are to be eight figures above the roof line and a relief composition in the main pediments. The space to be filled by the latter is 42 feet long and 7 feet high, affording ample scope for a beautiful symbolic design. A young Southern girl, Miss Enid Yandall of Louisville, is now engaged in modeling the caryatides supporting the cornice of the roof garden of the Woman's Building.

Just what the building shall contain has been the subject of much interest. There will be no separate exhibit, but there will be a special display where the most brilliant things women have done will be shown. Precisely what these will be it is impossible to say as yet, but the value of the exhibition will be in the high standard established by the board which resolved "to let no sentimental sympathy for women induce the acceptance of mediocre work." This display will be in the main gallery, which is 200 feet long and 30 feet wide. In the smaller rooms on this floor will be model home rooms and displays of a philanthropic character. The Bellevue Hospital of New York will probably have charge of the trained-nurse department.



MRS. MARY E. TRAUTMAN,
Vice-President Woman's Board World's Fair.



MRS. POTTER PALMER,
President Board of Women Managers for the World's Fair.

Model kindergartens will be a conspicuous feature and it was proposed that the Chicago or Illinois schools have charge of this since it is imperative that trained pupils should be in attendance, and it would be difficult to bring them from a distance. Another room will be devoted to the literary work of women, while quaint fabrics and rare old laces will beautify another room. A model kitchen will give valuable practical illustrations of the most scientific culinary methods and the newest appliances.

In the second story, the large assembly hall will be the scene of many meetings of great importance to women. Here will be a club room for women journalists. The committee and administration rooms will form the wings of the third floor, the roof garden forming the center.

There will be many opportunities in the structure itself for the display of women's work. There will be places for specimens of fine wood carving in the form of screens in the partitions or for balustrades. Inquiry will be made as to the capacities of women, in this direction, in the different States. There are also two fine surfaces for mural painting which will be intrusted to women of recognized ability.

At a recent meeting there was much discussion over the revision of the classification adopted by the National Committee, with a view to appointing women on the juries of awards, and to the argument advanced, that women would not be competent to judge in the engineering or stock departments, two cases were mentioned in refutation. One, that Mrs. Roebling, the wife of the famous Brooklyn-bridge builder, had taken hold of the work when her husband was stricken with paralysis, and by making her own calculations and giving the work her personal supervision, she had brought it to a successful completion. The other, that a woman commissioner, left a widow with a farm heavily mortgaged, had, by stock-raising and dairy farming, cleared herself of all indebtedness and made a handsome living.

The work in some States seems not to have gone beyond an effort toward the appointing of women managers upon the State Boards which is very important in every State, as without this recognition much of the

work done by the women, "without money and without price," will go for nought. It was also resolved that the members of the National Board should use all their influence and that of others to obtain liberal appropriations to carry out the grand plan. The importance of the Woman's Board was shown by the national and international nature of the communications received by it while in session. One was from the Federation of Labor, the most powerful labor organization in the world, concerning the classification of the proportion of women's and children's labor. Another was from Lady Aberdeen announcing the final arrangements for an exhibition of Irish women's work which promises to be very fine. Lady Aberdeen is now in this country in behalf of her women workers.

It was decided that the colored people were to be accorded equal rights with the white women and should have the same chance to do the best work they are capable of. So there is no need for any women of any nationality or any condition in life to say that they have no opportunity to show to the world their best efforts. The work must be of the highest excellence to be admitted to the Women's Building. That will be an honor of itself.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Peabody Museum has secured an exclusive right of exploration of ancient ruins in Honduras for ten years, and permission to remove half of the objects found.

A company has been organized in Augsberg for the manufacture on a large scale of artificial silk, the invention of Dr. Lehner, a chemist. In appearance and elasticity the product cannot be distinguished from the natural silk, its strength is two-thirds as great, and it costs only a fourth as much.

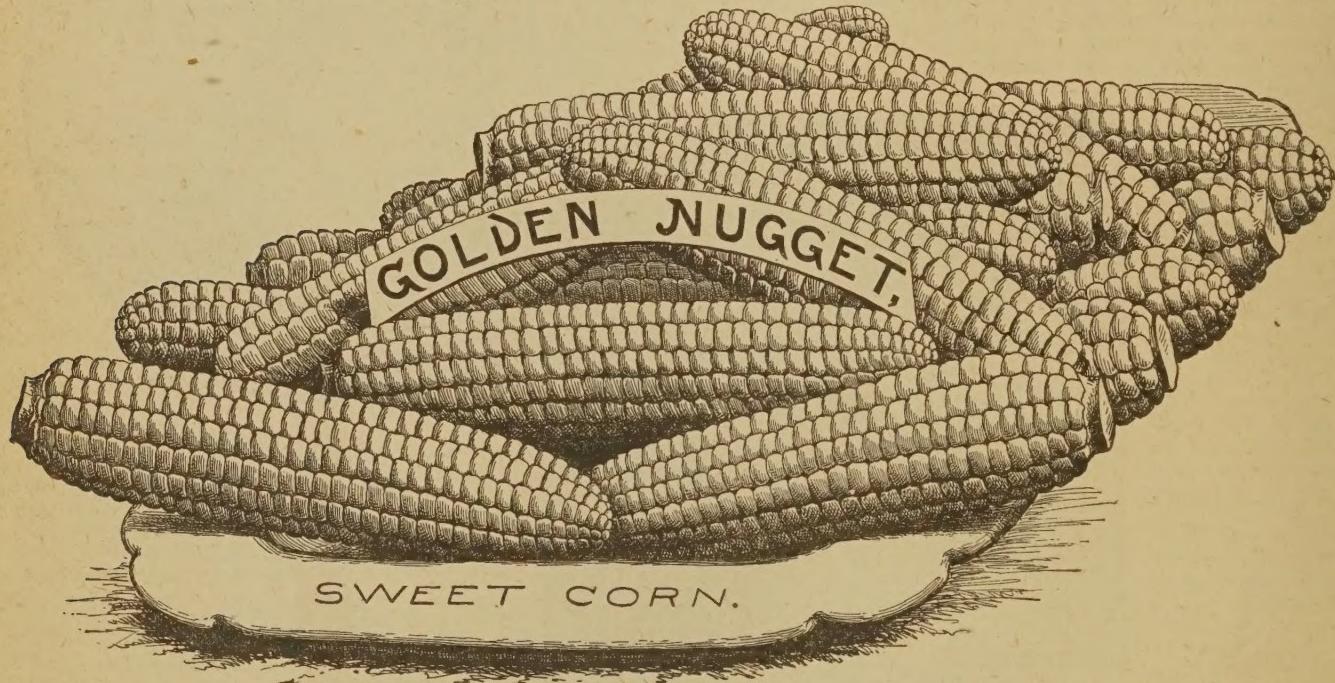
Cold cream contains one pound each of almond oil and of rose water, one ounce each of white wax and spermaceti, and one half dram of attar of roses. Boil the wax and spermaceti and oil in a double boiler of porcelain, and drop the rose water in, stirring constantly. The lotion contains one gallon orange flower water, eight ounces glycerine and one ounce borax.

An ingenious camera for photographing the internal organs of men or animals has been invented in Germany. It is cylindrical in shape, is contained in a rubber tube, and has two semi-spherical shutters and two minute incandescent lamps. Pressing a pneumatic ball moves the camera forward in the tube, opens the shutters

and makes the electric-light contact. Removing the pressure closes the shutters, puts out the lights, and replaces the camera.

A German commission reports that no case of damage by lightning to a ship with wire rigging has been recorded, except in a few instances, where continuous connection had not been made with the hull. With iron or steel hulls and wire rope rigging the whole ship forms an excellent conductor to lead the electric discharge safely to the ocean. This fact explains why it is that ships at sea suffer much less frequently from lightning now than in the days of wooden vessels.

A new system of electrical signaling, for marine and general use, has been shown at the Royal Naval Exhibition by Mr. E. C. Kelway. A framework contains 54 incandescent lamps in six rows of nine each, and wires connect the lamps to a keyboard, like that of a typewriter. On pressing the proper key the letter A is shown by the glowing of 13 of the lamps arranged to form that letter. The other letters and the numerals respond in a similar manner, when the corresponding keys are pressed, and messages spelled out may be read at a distance at night with great facility.



Golden Nugget.

A new color in sweet corn was introduced with Livingston's Gold Coin. Heretofore all varieties of sweet corn had been either white—so called—or black, but none of that rich golden yellow which distinguishes most of the varieties that are cultivated largely as field crops for feeding and milling purposes. Now that a break has been made and we have a sweet corn with the golden yellow color it appears that we may have a succession of new varieties with the pleasing rich color that suggests imprisoned sunshine. At any rate one other such variety now appears in the field; this has been given the name Golden Nugget. In time of maturity, or gathering for eating purposes, it will class among the medium early varieties, being about the same season as Crosby's Early and Moore's Early Concord. The plant is somewhat slender in growth and with only a medium amount of foliage and stands fully grown about five and one half feet in height. Each stalk usually bears two ears. The ears are of medium size,

twelve-rowed, and well filled out. The corn is very tender, very sweet and of an excellent, rich flavor. The good quality of Golden Nugget and its bright yellow color make it a novelty with sterling merits and which will not fail to be appreciated. On account of its slender habit it is probable that the best results will be attained by planting it rather close in rows on rich ground.

The Date Palms.

The Arabs believe that the date palm brings happiness and contentment to the country in which it grows. According to this idea the "happy" places of the earth are situated in the North of Africa, Southwest of Asia, South of Europe and some parts of India. Some of this "happiness" might well be brought into our own country; it is believed the date tree could be cultivated in the southern part of the United States with good results. It is a beautiful tree, tall and straight, sometimes reaching a height of sixty feet. The leaves are from eight to ten feet long, and the spadices, or fruit bearing branches, grow from 180 to 200 dates each; a bunch of dates weighs from 20 to 25 pounds.

In some countries dates form, not only the principal food, but drink, clothing, timber and shelter. To the Hindoo, especially, is the tree valuable, for it means, to him, nearly all the necessities of life. A liquor, resembling wine, is made from the fruit. There is a soft pith in the stem, which, with the young leaves, is eaten as a vegetable, and is called palm cabbage. In Northern Africa the date stones are roasted and used as a substitute for coffee. All kinds of basket and wicker work are made from the leaf stalks, while the leaves themselves are made into mats, bags, etc.; the wood is used for fences and buildings. There are many other palms worthy of mention, 500 different species being known. In the Island of Madagascar is a large tree called the Traveler's Tree, so called because even in the driest weather it affords the thirsty traveler a drink of pure, cold water from its broad, curled leaves. Will our world ever be old enough to bring to man's knowledge all of nature's wonderful gifts?

A fire in a spinning mill at Isenheim, Alsace, was extinguished by filling the building with steam. Much less damage was caused than if water had been used.

HORTICULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE.**Cannas for Winter.**

Have you ever tried cannas for winter foliage plants? Of course they will not do for a window garden, as they are large enough to crowd everything else out, but for a conservatory, or a sunny room where you wish foliage plants for a background, they are very satisfactory. While arranging some large plants on the floor of the conservatory one winter I was wishing for another with showy leaves; and thought I would take a tub of cannas that had been growing and blooming out of doors all summer, and set it back of the others, so that the large green leaves would serve as a background for the finer plants. I was afraid it might not give satisfaction after doing so well all summer, and was not surprised to see the leaves begin to droop and turn brown in about a month. As the tub was heavy I decided not to have it taken to the cellar, but cut the large stalks off close down to the soil, and left the tub standing where it was, out of sight. In a week or two I was delighted to see new stalks shooting up, and after putting in some fresh soil, fertilizing and watering, they made surprising growth, and by the first of December the tub was filled with large stalks; in a short time the broad green leaves nearly reached the ceiling, forming a beautiful background on the shady side of the conservatory; and many admiring friends failed to recognize it in its winter quarters. The next spring when the bulbs were taken from the cellar for planting, I left one large one to lie dormant awhile longer and planted it in a tub in August; this was in its prime when frost came, and was fresh, green and full of bloom all through the early part of the winter, and by the time it was ready to droop, a large flower-tub full of bulbs that had bloomed in the summer and been cut back, had made new growth and was ready to take its place. By planning thus you may have a group of these showy plants all winter.

PHEBE R.

Philadelphia.

The American Cowslip.

Along the borders of rich woods and especially out in rich prairie land grows one of early summer's most fascinating plants, the *Dodecatheon Meadia*, popularly known as the American cowslip or the shooting star. It has delicate fibrous roots from which in a cluster spring almost stemless, glossy green leaves, each in shape like an old-fashioned spatula. From amid the leaves rises the stout, naked flower scape, varying from a foot to a foot and a half in height, and bearing a large umbel of flowers. The pedicels are arranged in a closely-coiled spiral, each with a little bract at the base, and recurve when the flowers open, the flowers opening successively, beginning with the outermost. The calyx has a short, erect tube and five long, acute lobes completely bent back or reflexed upon the tube. The corolla has an erect tube as long as the calyx tube, and five long, tapering, acute lobes, reflexed and alternate with the sepals. The stamens are five, inserted on the tube of the corolla, with short, thick filaments and long, erect anthers, taper-pointed and closely applied together, edge to edge, around the style. Their cells are long and narrow, opening lengthwise and toward the style, and produce copious pollen. The corolla

is white, shaded with pink, or varying to rosy-pink. The protruding anthers are bright yellow marked with black toward the base. Thus the appearance of a little golden star shooting through the air with white rays streaming behind it, and hence the popular name. Those who have seen the plant well remember the charming effect, the same which is so fascinating in the nearly-related cyclamen. The flower is well specialized for insect cross-fertilization. It is the American cousin of the little English cowslip, *Primula veris*, so beloved in old England.

HENRY L. CLARKE.

Bright Berries.

"November's sky is gray and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere."

might be true enough concerning the country of which Scott wrote, but November for the Carolinas means Indian summer with the sky a beautiful, warm, dreamy blue, sunshine sifting down like sparkling, golden dust, through the air, and leaves of all hues and complexions still, where protected, even to the tenderest green.

But winter is "marching on." It is but the eleventh of November and already the holly berries are blazing a scarlet challenge to its fiercest cold. The young leaves of rose bay, kalmia and andromeda have stiffened into their evergreen coat of mail. Mistletoe berries are fast ripening, and overhead flocks of birds go flying still further southward. Let them go, the cardinal bird stays with us, and blue bird, wren, robin, campbellus—dozens of others who love us well enough not only to stay but to sing.

Side by side in my garden, gleaned from the hillsides, are two vivid contrasts, *Euonymus Americanus*—burning bush, strawberry bush, Indian arrow, as it is variously and familiarly called, and *Symporicarpus racemosus*—the snowberry. One is a great blaze of scarlet and crimson, the other a drift of white. *E. Americanus* has small *rosy-pink* flowers and grows to a height of ten or fifteen feet.

The snowberry has very dark, round, green leaves, rose-pink flowers, is of a low, straggling growth, unless well trimmed, and droops its beautiful wax-like clusters of berries in a very melancholy way. These berries are, at their best, about the size of a hazelnut, round, creamy white, and in a sheltered spot will remain perfect until Christmas.

A similar contrast one sees in the holly and mistletoe, when gathered for holiday decoration. With *Ilex opaca*, our beautiful American holly before us, it is useless for learned and traveled botanists to tell us that *Ilex aquifolium*, the European species, surpasses it. Only seeing will be believing, and then, doubtless, our eyes would refuse to award it superiority, for *I. opaca* is a handsome tree, and in common parlance, "hard to beat!" Often it grows to a height of forty feet, compact and symmetrical in shape, with bark a bright silvery color and branches thickly covered with thatch of glossy, evergreen leaves. These leaves are oval, wavy on the margin, with sharp, spiny teeth, shining surface, and rich, dark green color which well displays its large clusters of bright scarlet berries. I have counted twenty-five and fifty berries in the clusters, but the smaller ones are prettier and more graceful. When in winter other trees are bare of their leaves, a holly tree is a radiant gleam in the brown woods, which the eye catches from a long distance, and groups of

them planted about a lawn are bright and cheery and beautiful to look upon.

It is the principal factor in Christmas decoration South, and makes a very handsome Christmas tree, already decorated, when brought from the forest, but its sharp-spined leaves do not facilitate gift hanging. Robins are very fond of holly berries, and a flock of them when they find a tree well laden, will fill its branches and chirp and flutter about in a very noisy, unguarded way that is sure to be their death warrant for the sportsman. The wood of the holly is very hard, white, fine grained and compact, and so is much used by cabinet makers and turners for the making of bric-a-brac, and as a surface for painting.

The American mistletoe is very different from its English cousin, *Loranthaceæ viscum*. It has leaves of a more yellowish green, with a brittle, green black stem and translucent, pearl-like berries. A new genus was made for it by Nutall, and he called it *Phoradendron*. The variety that we gather for Christmas decoration is *P. flavescens*. Amusing stories are told of the attempts made to gather it in South Carolina where it grows in the dead tops of tall oak and gum trees standing in the midst of swamps and bogs. We do not give ourselves the trouble of climbing for it here, for at Christmastide, when we care for it most, the shrub parasite has usually made its growth, is gemmed all over with its pearly clusters, and being very brittle, a high winter wind will bring down armfuls of it, so that we have only to look through the tree tops for one whose bleak desolateness is brightened by patches of brilliant green, and taking a basket, search beneath the tree where we are pretty apt to find all we care for. I have seen thick branches two feet across that were gathered in this way, hanging from chandeliers, and many a mountain boy makes his Christmas money by sending boxes of mistletoe North.

L. GREENLEE.

Flowers in Winter.

The management of the conservatory or window garden is not to be entered upon lightly or without thought. In fact it should be a matter of serious consideration to the amateur. The florist who supplies the market knows just what flowers he wishes to grow, and usually grows but one kind in a house. He has a particular object in view, and the flowers and plants are always regarded for the amount of money they can be made to bring in. His plans are not suddenly formed, but are the continued experience of time. The cuttings and young plants have to be started and grown weeks and sometimes months before the flowers appear, or any moneyed return can be had for them.

With the amateur this is all very different. His aim should be to have flowers *all the time* for use, and also to make a good appearance. This seems at first sight easy enough to do, but is it? What has been your experience? As the summer draws to a close, and the floral beauties of the garden fade, the question comes up for decision, What shall be grown in the house? There may have been a few cuttings struck, and a few plants plunged in the border, the residue of last winter's stock; perhaps there are a few plants that have been kept on the veranda or in the house all summer. Some look very thrifty, very green and promising, but where are the flowers? The plants are put on the

shelves in a haphazard way, cared for faithfully, one or two will do very well, but the majority exist and grow very slowly, and meanwhile, where are the flowers? Is it not seen how important and much more satisfactory a little previous thought and selection would have made?

Perhaps the eye feels the deficiency and a visit is made to the neighboring florist, and a few plants in blossom purchased for the shelves. But why not buy all plants from the florist, discarding them when the bloom is past? What a cold-blooded proceeding! and would not the thought of plant murder lie on the conscience?

This buying of plants in bloom is usually destructive of all personal effort, and that interest in the growth and management which every plant lover should feel. You did not *grow* the plants, you only kept them while in blossom.

It will depend somewhat upon the location what plants can be grown most successfully, whether more or less sunshine can be obtained. Remember bloom is wanted, and bloom from some plant or the other all the time. It is not so very difficult if a little thought is given to it. Annuals, begonias and bulbs, to say nothing of stock plants like callas, plumbago, geraniums, hoya, jasmine and the like, each has a season of blooming, and some bloom for a long time. Study to have the plants come along successively.

Now for the arrangement. That must necessarily be left to the owner's taste. But one important point should be remembered, do not crowd, or the plants will be spindling and the bloom weak. As the plants grow larger, make room for the others by removing some. Give them away if they cannot be put into some other room. Better and larger blossoms can be obtained from a few plants well kept than from more of the same kind overcrowded. Do not forget a hanging basket and vines, both give grace and charm to any conservatory or window. In the conservatory, a dozen plants or more of the same height and kind may be placed together, but in the house this uniformity should be avoided. One of the great advantages of window culture is that a fine display can be made with but few plants if well chosen. Before the writer now, is a large ivy growing around two sides of a bow window, and coming down in the center on the chains of a hanging basket, containing a white flowering begonia with leaf and habit like the Rubra. A large Sunderbruckii begonia with its palm-like leaves very graceful, almost touches the bottom of the basket, in fact one leaf quite touches it. Two gloxinias, a variegated leaved Ivy geranium, and a Semperflorens gigantea begonia complete and fill the window box. At the side is a reddish leaved Gloire de Sceaux begonia. These plants will continue in bloom for a long time, and in turn will be replaced with bulbs in blossom, now slowly forming their roots in the cellar.

The ivy makes a good frame for any plant brought into the box. With every new arrangement a new picture is formed. Sometimes it is a white nicotiana with its white blossoms to contrast with the red blossoms of the begonia, or an amaryllis, or a spider lily, or a plumbago, or a Zanzibar balsam, or a pot of annuals or hyacinths or narcissus. In fact before one picture grows tiresome it is replaced by another. But it may be urged they are not grown in this room, only brought here when in flower. Very true,

but everything is grown in the house without the assistance of conservatory or greenhouse. Every plant is had from seed or cutting or bulb and brought forward carefully to bloom here which is the common sitting room of the family. Notice that there are only two or three stock plants like the ivy and begonias rarely changed, and that the plants brought in stay in bloom for a long time, and that only a few are needed for all winter's use.

It is well that tastes differ for it is pleasant to observe what varied effects people who work on the same general plan will make. Some do not care for blossoms but desire variegated foliage, and have coleus, crotos, achyranthes, and the like. Others prefer ferns, and have adiantums, and sword ferns, Lygodium scandens and other ferns. But, to have success, use plants adapted to the room in which they are placed. Do not try to raise ferns in a hot, dry, dusty living room, nor plants requiring sunshine where they can get but little. Amateurs will find more pleasure in beginning very gradually, adding plants to their collection after knowledge of their habit is obtained; thus fewer mistakes are made, and less disappointments incurred.

JAMES H. BANCROFT.

Evergreens for Winter Decoration.

We had been having a Christmas tree for a number of years, and had spent much time and thought in making it tasteful and beautiful. Although the children were delighted with the tree, they could not be restrained from removing most of the articles from it in the course of a very few days. Their mother, ever anxious to have a happy, cheerful, beautiful home for her children, last year suggested that the tree be dispensed with and that in its place the older children go to the woods with the man and gather evergreens with which to decorate the house. The children are always glad of a chance to go to the mountains, but to go in the winter time when the mountains are white with snow is a treat that they had never enjoyed. They all agreed it would be nicer to go to the mountains for evergreens than for a single Christmas tree. So, with black Jennie in the big family sleigh, and warmly wrapped in blankets and rugs, a few days before Christmas off they drove.

In our mountains we find hemlock and laurel in abundance. The small branches of the hemlock and the leaves of the laurel make excellent material for wreaths and other decorative ornaments. In due time the children returned, cheeks glowing with health, and the sleigh full of small branches of the plants above named. The next morning mother and children began to form wreaths and garlands, and in this work spent most of the day. All agreed it was one of the most delightful of days. When papa came home on Christmas eve he found the house full of the fragrant odor of the pine woods, while the open fireplace was filled with small branches of hemlock and white pine on which in large gilt letters were seen the words "Merry Christmas." A beautiful wreath of the leaves of the laurel, hanging over the door leading to the dining room, had suspended in the center of it a large gilt star. When he asked what the star was, the children all cried, "That is for the star which the shepherds saw the night Jesus was born."

We had a merry, merry Christmas. The

house was beautiful as could be, and so continued for two weeks after Christmas. So successful was the experiment that we desire to make it known to all our friends, that they too may try the same plan this year.

DR. GEO. G. GROFF.

Lewisburgh, Pa.

GLEANINGS.

RUSSIAN PEARS.—The varieties of Russian pears which have been tried in Illinois blight badly.

THE BURBANK PLUM.—This Japanese variety of plum is said to have proved itself in Western New York to be hardy, very productive, the fruit beautiful in appearance and of fine quality.

SPRAYING POTATOES.—Trials of spraying potatoes with the Bordeaux mixture the past season have shown that the practice will prevent the rot even in the same field where they have rotted when not sprayed.

A HARDY PEAR TREE.—From reliable reports it appears that the Russian pear, Bessemianka, is an ironclad of good quality as a dessert fruit. Both in Iowa and Quebec it has been grown and its hardness as a tree tested, and the good quality of the fruit proved. The pear is small to medium in size, green becoming yellow when ripe; flesh white, melting, juicy.

ROSES ON PEACH TREES.—A writer in *The Santa Clara Valley* gives an account of roses budded on peach trees. He says "I have seen a three and four year old peach tree bloom as nature would have it on some branches, early in April; then from May to August, hang thick with branches of white, pink and yellow roses, a perfect wonder to the passers-by. These trees are stated to have been first seen in the garden of Judge Amos R. Johnson, of Mississippi. Can any of our readers confirm this statement?"

NATIVE PLUMS IN THE NORTHWEST.—In a communication to *Garden and Forest*, Mr. E. S. Goff, the well-known horticulturist of the University of Wisconsin, discusses the merits of the best varieties which have been obtained from the native plum, *Prunus Americana*. "During a visit," he says, "to Mr. O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, Minnesota, early in September last, I saw plums sold from his native plum-orchard at sixty-five cents for the ordinary peach basket, holding about a peck, while the common native plums, gathered indiscriminately from the wild thickets, were selling from forty to sixty cents per bushel." The Cheney, Gaylord and Rollingstone plums are mentioned as specially good, and but slightly inferior to the best like Green Gage or Jefferson. The trees are hardy and productive, and the fruit with good shipping qualities. The De Soto is another good variety that appears to do well in all kinds of soil.

JAPAN ANEMONE AS A POT PLANT.—Every autumn, says T. D. Hatfield in *Garden and Forest*, we place on the steps leading to the front entrance, and also in the recesses around the door, a dozen or more pot plants of the Japanese anemone (*A. Japonica alba* and *A. Japonica hybrida*). No plant has proved so useful, being far superior to the early chrysanthemum for this purpose. While it is not a chrysanthemum, it is yet a Japanese plant, and so comes as a natural, and happily chosen, fore-runner to the queen of autumn. A brief ac-

count of its treatment is given here. I usually shake the soil off the old crowns, and if too large reduce them; then repot in good heavy loam. Toward the blooming season a little liquid manure is given. If starting with fresh stock about five crowns should be put in a ten-inch pot; this is a quicker way of producing a specimen than potting singly and waiting for them to grow large enough. We store the plants in a barn cellar, and keep them moderately, but not dust dry, until March, when they are brought out and treated as already stated.

FRAME VIOLETS.—At the present time, says a correspondent of the *Northern Gardener*, we read recommendations to lift the violets and place in frames to stand the winter. I adopted that plan for years; but the last few years the frames have been placed over the violets where they have grown through the summer, if the violets are planted on a south border in a good position, and arranged in squares to suit one, two, or three light frames, as the case may be. I find that by not disturbing the roots the produce of flowers is considerably greater than if the plants were lifted and placed in pits or frames, as is generally done. Of course those that have heated pits in use for violets in winter necessarily must lift them, but where simply frames are used the better plan is to move the frames and place over the plants where grown. Three years ago I gathered more flowers from a single light frame in the depth of winter, which had been placed over the plants where grown, than from three lights the plants of which had been lifted.

TOMATO CULTURE.—A summary of some of the results of experiments carried on for several years at the Cornell University Experiment Station, at Ithaca, N. Y., is as follows:

Fertilizers.—The best tomato fertilizers are those which produce their effects early in the season. The intermittent application of nitrate of soda, when prolonged into August, delayed the crop as a whole, while early applications appear to produce early results. But larger yields appear to follow intermittent application if it does not extend beyond mid-summer.

Nitrate of Soda.—Nitrate of soda is an incomplete fertilizer and should not be used to the exclusion of other fertilizers unless the soil is already rich in potash and phosphoric acid. Upon poor soils it is of little advantage when used alone.

Early and Late Setting.—The experiments of two years show that tomato plants which are early set in the field, are less injured by inclement weather than is generally supposed, and that very early setting on well prepared land appears to be advisable. But the results of early setting, especially as regards earliness, probably depend considerably upon the character of the plants; they should be strong and stocky.

Few and many Transplantings.—Two transplantings gave better results than three, but so much depends upon condition of plants, their age, and the way in which they are handled, that generalizations cannot be made upon the subject.

Single-Stem Training.—Single-stem training of tomatoes gave twice as much yield per square foot as ordinary culture, somewhat earlier results, and it greatly decreased injury from rot. The system is to be recommended for early market or choice trade or for home use.

Rot.—Upright and open training tends to decrease injury from rot; and such training allows of more easy and thorough applications of fungicides when spraying is necessary.

CULTIVATION IN THE FIELD.

Fertilizing.—Very heavy fertilizing with stable manures or concentrated fertilizers has uniformly increased yield in our experiments, although the common opinion is to the contrary. But in order that fertilizing shall produce early fruits, the food materials must be quickly available. If stable manure is desired, only the most thoroughly disintegrated part should be used. Nitrate of soda is a good tomato

fertilizer on soils containing abundance of potash and phosphoric acid, but like other incomplete fertilizers it has little value when used alone on poor soils. Nitrate of soda appears to give heaviest yields when used in two or three applications, but in this latitude it should not be applied later than the first of August, else it prolongs growth too late.

Very early setting of stocky plants in the field, even in dark and raw weather, augmented earliness and productiveness in 1890. This year the same results were obtained except that there was some gain in earliness from very early setting. The tomato can endure much more uncongenial weather when set in the field than is commonly supposed. Early setting on well prepared land therefore appears to be advisable.

THE QUESTION COLUMN.

Yellow Gladiolus.

As you allow questions and answers through the MAGAZINE, (being a reader myself), I would ask H. C. T., page 326, and others, what variety of yellow gladiolus they consider the best? J. M. B.

Making an Asparagus Bed.

I have been enlarging my asparagus bed, and was somewhat annoyed by the different opinions and suggestions of several neighbors, and others, while at work. I proposed that we should solicit the opinion of some scientific gardener, so you are fixed on as the person to decide the question how an asparagus bed should be made.

I will now write my mode of making an asparagus bed: The bed made was 70 feet long by 20 feet wide. I first dug a trench two feet deep and two feet wide, and then put in the bottom of each trench, as I went on, the green haulms of tomatoes, and green sods, unrotted barnyard manure, a lot of young turnips which were too late sown; all trodden in solid. On the top of that a layer of dry cowdung taken from the pastures, then spread a wheelbarrowful of rotted manure in on each trench, and so on to the end. With each plant I put in two seeds two inches apart. I made the rows two feet apart and set the plants twelve inches apart in the trenches, covering them about two or three inches. The ground being very dry I wet each before planting, and watered each row after planting. On the surface I then sowed broadcast a thin layer of hen manure and wood ashes.

Should the bed be covered with dry leaves or let it go uncovered? It is sheltered from the north and north-west and gently slopes to the south. I. W.

East Dubuque, III.

To make an asparagus bed the soil should be well manured with well rotted stable manure, and this should be plowed or dug in as deep as it can be worked. The best rule that can be given for manuring in making a new bed is probably that of an old gardener who said the quantity should be "more than what most people think enough." There is no danger of getting too much. It is best to form the beds or lands about eight feet wide, whatever may be the length. In this form they can be laid off in four rows, each two feet apart, and the outside rows one foot from each edge. There is thus only three feet to reach in cultivating, and if a space three feet wide for a walk is left between each bed there will be no occasion to step between the rows, a practice which results in injury by treading the soil down hard. In opening trenches for planting, they should be about a foot wide and deep enough when the plants are set to allow of a covering of four inches of soil above the crowns. In setting the plants spread the roots out carefully in every direction, and then cover with fine soil, firming it well over the roots.

To finish the whole, after planting in the fall give a covering of about two inches of old manure, which will prevent the frost heaving the plants.

The method of preparing the bed described by our correspondent served to utilize the waste vegetable material on hand, but we think it would have been better to have gathered that

up into a rubbish pile and rotted it down for future use, and to have relied upon good ripe manure in making the bed. The result of the rotting of this rubbish in the rows will be to cause them to sink and leave furrows; this can be remedied by filling in next summer some good soil about two inches deep over each row, and this will be needed anyway as, the plants being covered only two inches deep, are too shallow to allow the shoots to make their growth below the soil. There was no occasion for placing seeds in the trenches near the plants, and in fact if these vegetate the young plants will be a nuisance and should be pulled out. Plants from the seed should never be allowed to grow in the beds, as they draw from the strength of the soil what is needed by the old plants. As to covering the bed with dry leaves for the winter, this should be done if there is no manure to be had for that purpose; well rotted stable manure would be preferable.

FOREIGN NOTES.

CURLED LEAF OF THE PEACH.—This fungous disease is said to have been prevented in France by spraying the foliage with a sulphate of copper solutioiu.

PAPAVER GLAUCUM.—This poppy, called the Tulip Poppy, which will be offered in the trade for the first time next spring, is a native of Northern Syria. It has deep scarlet flowers, of which the two outer petals assume a cup form, and the two inner ones a much smaller cup, the whole presenting an appearance quite unique. It gives the promise of a first-class novelty.

LILIMUM HARRISII.—Those who have not been successful in flowering in a satisfactory way this fine lily will do well to depart from the orthodox method of culture, which is to dry off the bulbs after flowering, and then repot them. I was surprised to see some fine plants in flower in the Castle Lane Nursery, Warwick, the other day, and others coming on to succeed them, some with the flower stems a foot long and others just peeping through the soil. These will supply a succession of their fine flowers up to Christmas, after which time the newly imported bulbs will begin to yield flowers. The treatment the plants have received to have them in flower as above stated is as follows: After flowering in April and May last the supply of water given was slightly reduced till the flower stems died down. From that time the soil in which the bulbs were grown received an occasional watering to prevent the fleshy roots (which it was noticed were still in a growing state) from being injured, this treatment being continued through the early part of the summer, and in due time young flower stems began to make their appearance from the base of the old ones. The supply of water was then gradually increased, and when these shoots had grown a few inches in length a rich top-dressing was given, and with no further trouble, except the necessary attention in watering, a fine crop of useful flowers was the result, a type of flowers which are very acceptable at all times, but which are rarely met with during the autumn months. It may thus be seen from the above notes that it is possible and indeed easy to flower bulbs of *Lilium Harrisii* twice within twelve months, and Mr. Kitley has certainly hit upon a simple method of accomplishing this feat.—D. in *Jour. of Hort.*

VICK'S MAGAZINE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1891.

Entered in the Post Office at Rochester as "second-class" matter.

VICK'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published at the following rates, either for old or new subscribers. These rates include postage:

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One copy twenty-seven months (2½ years), full payment in advance, One Dollar.

A Club of Five or more copies, sent at one time, at 40 cents each, without premiums. Neighbors can join in this plan.

FREE COPIES.—One free copy additional will be allowed to each club of ten (in addition to all other premiums and offers), if spoken of at the time the club is sent.

All contributions and subscriptions should be sent to Vick Publishing Co., at Rochester, N. Y.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertising rates are \$1.25 per line each month, with discounts for length of time and large space. All contracts will be based on a "guaranteed and proved circulation" of an average through the year of 200,000 or no pay.

All communications in regard to advertising to New York office, 38 Times Building, H. P. Hubbard, Manager.

CIRCULATION.

The actual edition for this month (December) is 250,000. January and February editions will be the same number.

Circulation Guaranteed and Proved or No Pay.
(Trade Mark.)**All persons not now subscribers who receive this number, should take immediate advantage of one of our premium offers, and induce friends to join in a club.****EDITORIAL NOTES.**

Be sure and read the liberal premium offers scattered through the MAGAZINE. The Dickens works are particularly attractive.

We must apologize for the non-appearance of our promised illustration, *The Christmas Rose*. The engravers were unable to finish it in time. It will appear next month.By the courtesy of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, we are enabled to present to our readers the beautiful illustrated poem on page 27, entitled "You Love me, Don't you?"

Where and how do your boys and girls spend their evenings? Are you making home attractive to them? Good reading matter and plenty of it will please them and save many heartaches bye and bye.

Don't fill the middle of the barrels with small apples and expect to get fancy prices for good fruit. It is a contemptible business any way and you are sure to get caught at it.—*Rural New Yorker*. Neither give to the Lord or man anything but good, square service.

Our November number, while a radical change from the previous style, met with a warm welcome. It was far from perfect and we are sure that this number is a great improvement. The quality of the illustrations are very fine and will please the 250,000 families to whom it is sent.

Those two magnificent publications, *Popular Gardening* and the *American Garden*, have committed matrimony and it is now hard to tell whether the combination is Long-Libby or Libby-Long. All their thousands of friends wish them much joy and long life, with plenty of subscribers on their list.

It might be rather termed a brilliant idea, that of the inventor of the Polyopticon. It's a magic lantern without all the trouble and will show any picture or photograph with perfection. The Murray Hill Pub. Co. of New York furnish them for \$5, or we will furnish them to our subscribers for the same price. Next month we will show a picture of it.

Stick in your Hat.Money borrowed is a foe,
Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming.Hoarded it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping.Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus has lost it here
Shall hereafter find it.**BRIGHT IDEAS.**

New York now has a company that insures against bad debts.

The old English idea of perfuming the household linen is being revived.

Drunkards have golden opportunities to reform now.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Hyacinths or any other flowers in bloom in winter are called potted sunshine.

A "carpet wedding" is a new wrinkle with young married people to furnish a new home.

Perfumed oil sprinkled on library shelves, such as oil of cloves, will prevent mould on books.

A company to insure tobacco planters against loss by hail is one of the latest schemes in Connecticut.

A bit of lemon peel chewed just before a noxious dose of medicine will dispel the taste of the dose.

Steep your lamp wicks in strong vinegar, dry them thoroughly, and they will not smoke but give a better light.

A pretty design for an engagement cup is that of a trumpet flower, reversed, with the leaf forming the saucer.

Spend the winter evenings studying how you can improve your garden, your grounds, your home and yourself.

Did you succeed in some particular during the past year? Write us and tell the story briefly. It may help others.

Mr. Parnell never swore under any provocation, and boasted that no one of his speeches contained any violent expressions.

An "orange tea" may have orange-colored decorations, oranges served and used in many ways which may suggest themselves.

The next time you call on a friend mention how much you appreciate VICK'S MAGAZINE. Your friends will like to share your joys.

The essence of peppermint will cure an inflamed eye. Pour five drops in half a wineglass of warm water and then drop into the eye.

If you were thoughtful and potted a few hyacinths in October, you will welcome the December which will bring them into bloom.

And now cometh the season when the \$8 a week young man pondereth how he can buy a fall overcoat and theater tickets for his best girl.

An alleged authority on gastronomic matters tells us it is no longer "good form" to serve ice cream at fashionable dinner parties. Indeed?

Two or three good blooming plants in the winter are worth a hundred poor, scrawny ones. Do not crowd your windows so that each is in the other's way.

What does the good wife need in the house for her comfort, that husband or son can make these long winter evenings? Ingenuity, everybody has some, set it to work.

"I will act as the leader of these meetings, brethren," remarked the revivalist, "till we get fairly started, and then I shall expect the sinners to come to the front."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Let in the sunlight in your home. Suppose it does fade the carpet, you can buy another

better than you can buy health and consequent happiness. Cross people do not live in sunny houses.

A most simple cement for mending glass and earthenware is made of white of egg and water beaten together and brought to the consistency of thin paste with powdered quicklime. Use immediately.

Oilcloth that has been in use and is soiled should be scrubbed clean, using as little soap as will be necessary for the purpose, and then varnished with oilcloth varnish, which costs about 50 cents a pint.

Cultivate the habit of writing in telegraphic style, i. e. see how much you can say in a few words and still tell your story well. Long letters are tiresome, crisp, bright ones always welcome to an editor or anybody.

Try and see if you cannot contrive to build a cheap greenhouse on the sunny side of your home. If you had one this winter you would enjoy it every day. A little trouble, yes, only a little. Nothing without labor.

VICK'S MAGAZINE for 1892 will be full of bright ideas, bright pictures and useful information. Every reader can help us. When you have anything real good, tell us the story in a breezy way that will command attention.

What is the name of your home? It's a happy idea and in England nearly every person has an odd name, with a prefix to — cottage, — lodge, — villa, — wood, — hurst, — side. Suggestions are in order.

Make some one or more friends happy by subscribing to VICK'S MAGAZINE for a year. \$2.00 pays for five copies—one to you and each of four appreciative friends. If requested, we will notify each by postal card that it comes with your compliments.

In making a display of cut flowers or plants in your house, place a large mirror behind them and the quantity will apparently be doubled. A bouquet in center of table placed on a piece of beveled looking glass is very effective. Put a few bits of green leaves around the edge.

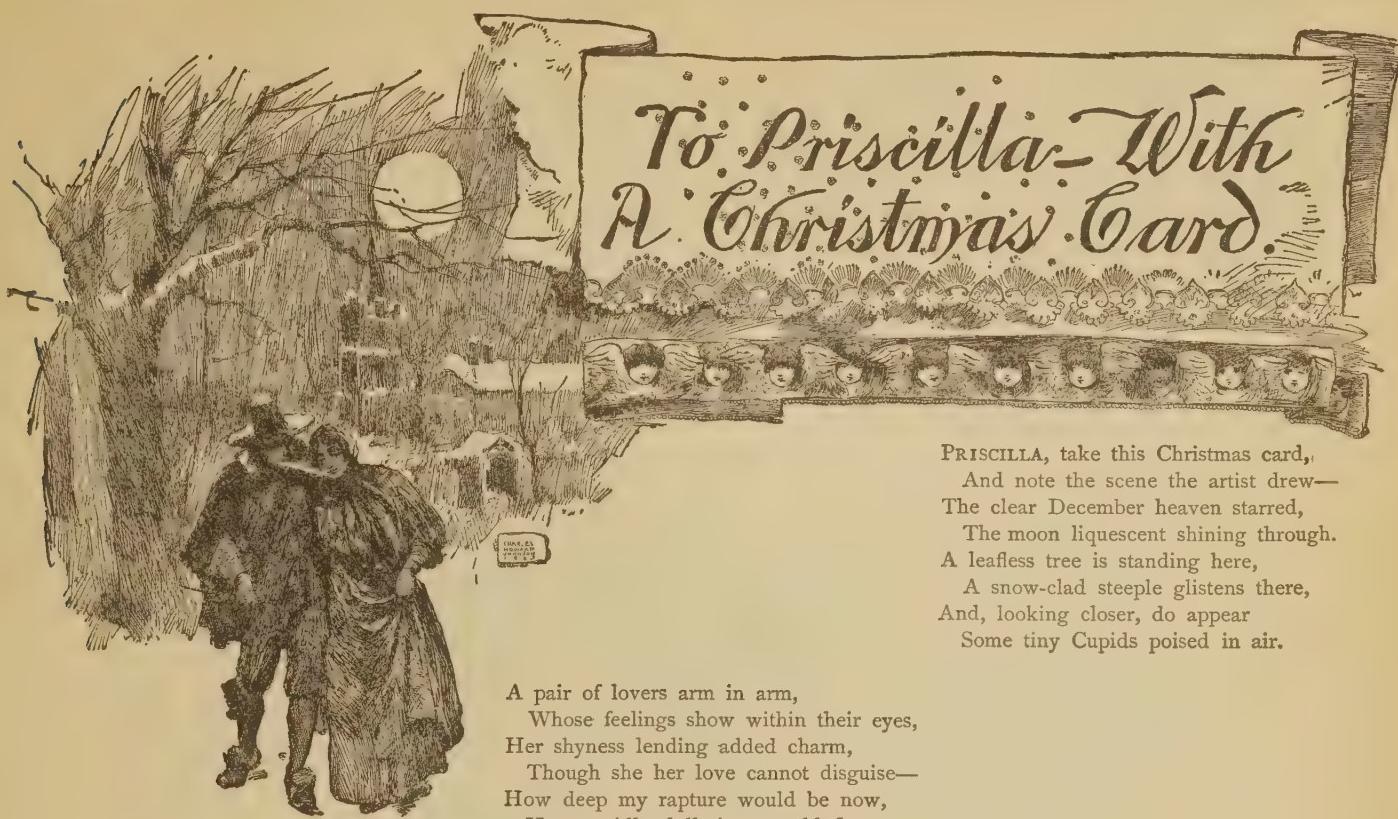
Kansas City knows a thing or two. It lessens the nuisance of midnight serenading cats by running electric wires upon the back fences. When a cat has gently touched one of these attenuated preventers it gets a spark that knocks all the sparking out of it and silences its siren song.

Be a protectionist, in the winter at least. Look out for delicate plants and shrubs with a little straw or matting. Keep the cold air out of your house with rubber moulding or listing around doors and windows, and thus protect your family from drafts and colds. Even paper pasted over the cracks is better than nothing.

A useful novelty is the invalid's teacup. It consists of a teacup and saucer, differing neither in price nor in size from the ordinary breakfast or teacup, but so made as to allow of a depression in the saucer, in which is placed a small cube of prepared fuel, by means of which the liquid contained can be kept hot for some time, until the invalid is ready for it.

We are promised a very interesting article on "How organs are built," showing some of the internal mechanism and telling how to care for them. It will be from the pen of the Hon. Johnston Cornish, of Washington, N. J., of the firm of Cornish & Co., the well known organ builders. It is sure to be interesting from one so well posted in making first-class organs.

Unless the saloons can recruit 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 boys from each generation as raw material, most of them must soon close. One family in every four or five must contribute a boy to the Demon of Rum—more terrible than any man or woman-eating monster of mythology. Has your family already contributed a boy to this fiery Moloch or is it going to do so? If not, mustn't some neighboring family have to contribute more than its share?



PRISCILLA, take this Christmas card,
And note the scene the artist drew—
The clear December heaven starred,
The moon liquefent shining through.
A leafless tree is standing here,
A snow-clad steeple glistens there,
And, looking closer, do appear
Some tiny Cupids poised in air.

A pair of lovers arm in arm,
Whose feelings show within their eyes,
Her shyness lending added charm,
Though she her love cannot disguise—
How deep my rapture would be now,
How rapidly dull time would fly,
If but the charming maid were thou,
The eager, willing lover I !

—N. M. LEVY, in *Munsey's Weekly*.

Misfit Christmas Presents.

What this country needs more than anything else, just once a year is a Misfit Christmas Present Exchange.

An enterprising gentleman has already started an establishment where one can dispose of duplicate wedding presents, but a person gets married once only in his life, while he or she, as the case or sex may be, endures many Christmases.

How sweet and pleasant would it be, for instance, if a young and pretty clergyman who has been remembered by seventeen or two dozen of the ewe lambs of his congregation with a pair of slippers from each, could trade off most of them for, say, a meerschaum pipe or some perpendicular linen collars.

Until such an exchange begins to fill a long felt want, the daily papers could help on the good work by permitting their patrons to insert free such advertisements as the following, at holiday time :

"A boy of twelve wishes to exchange a new copy of 'Josephus,' handsomely bound, for a second hand copy of 'Beelzebub Dick, the Terror of Gory Gulch;' or 'Deadhead Dan, the Young Detective of Mulberry Avenue.'"

"Young lady would part with seven (7) Christmas cards (four of them hand painted) in return for a diamond engagement ring."

"Married man desires to exchange a pair of ice-cream colored wristers for a glass of beer."

"Young clergyman will dispose of an assorted lot of slippers, some of which are embroidered with blue dogs with scarlet eyes, for a serviceable pair of winter gloves, fur lined preferred. Must be mates."

"Boston young lady, temporarily residing in New York, would like to exchange eight copies of Browning's complete works, all new and unused, for a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, No. 5, near sighted."

"Young married man will trade a box of cigars (handsome work of art on inside of lid) for a ten cent plug of chewing tobacco."

"Gentleman desires to part with a pair of large red mittens. Will accept a two-ply ham

sandwich or three Frankforter sausages in exchange."

"Youth will give a copy of Lamb's Poems of Childhood (leaves uncut), for a baseball bat or a cheap pistol with a box of cartridges."

"A musically inclined girl will exchange her brother's irresponsible cornet for an upright piano."

"A young gentleman of eleven, in long pantaloons, will give a fancy cap, labeled 'For a Good Boy,' for a ticket to any accessible dime museum."

"Young lady of fourteen wishes to exchange a wax doll, with real hair, for a copy of the 'Quick or the Dead;' also a rubber cry doll for twenty-five cents' worth of chewing gum, vanilla or strawberry."

"The father of a seven-year-old boy wishes to dispose of a new bass drum, warranted sound (too sound, in fact). No reasonable offer refused."

W. H. SIVITER.

B. D. WHELDON, of Birmingham, Alabama, procured in the early part of last year life insurance amounting to forty thousand dollars. Shortly afterward his hat, garments and shoes were found upon the banks of the Tennessee river. His wife applied for the insurance, but as there had been no discovery of the body payment was declined on the ground that there was no sufficient proof of his death. Her suits against a part of the companies are still pending, but according to a recent press dispatch Wheldon, bearing the alias of E. S. Strong, has been arrested at Portland, Oregon, and will be brought back to Alabama upon requisition as a fugitive from justice. This result is to be credited to detectives employed by the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York.

EVERYONE likes to see motion. Crowds will gather around a machine, if it is only busy, and watch its monotony for hours. Let some work be in progress in a large city and it is a wonder where all the idlers come from. If it be anything uncommon, the crowd becomes respectable. The millionaire and the district boy with

his pocket full of "rush" messages will stand side by side watching the work. A passing train up-town will draw a crowd, and country depots are notorious as loafing places. Moving machinery is very fascinating. The strangest of all is that this faculty or rather dissipation of the brain, is satisfied with simply seeing; it seldom goes into an analysis of the movement.

FOR EACH household pest there is some particular remedy. With regard to preventing moths in linen, pound to a powder one ounce of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and Tonquin beans respectively, and as much Florentine orris root as will equal the weight of the foregoing ingredients put together. Little bags of muslin should be filled with this mixture and placed among the linen. Camphor, the seeds of the musk plant, allspice berries and various other things are advised, but the mixture is practically infallible.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGE.

6 Winter-flowering Plants,
4 Choice Gladiolus.
A CHARMING
Christmas Present,

ALL FOR \$1.00!

JAMES VICK'S SONS
Rochester, N. Y.

Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost to the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectar's wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow isles of pain.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

A Flower Chandelier.

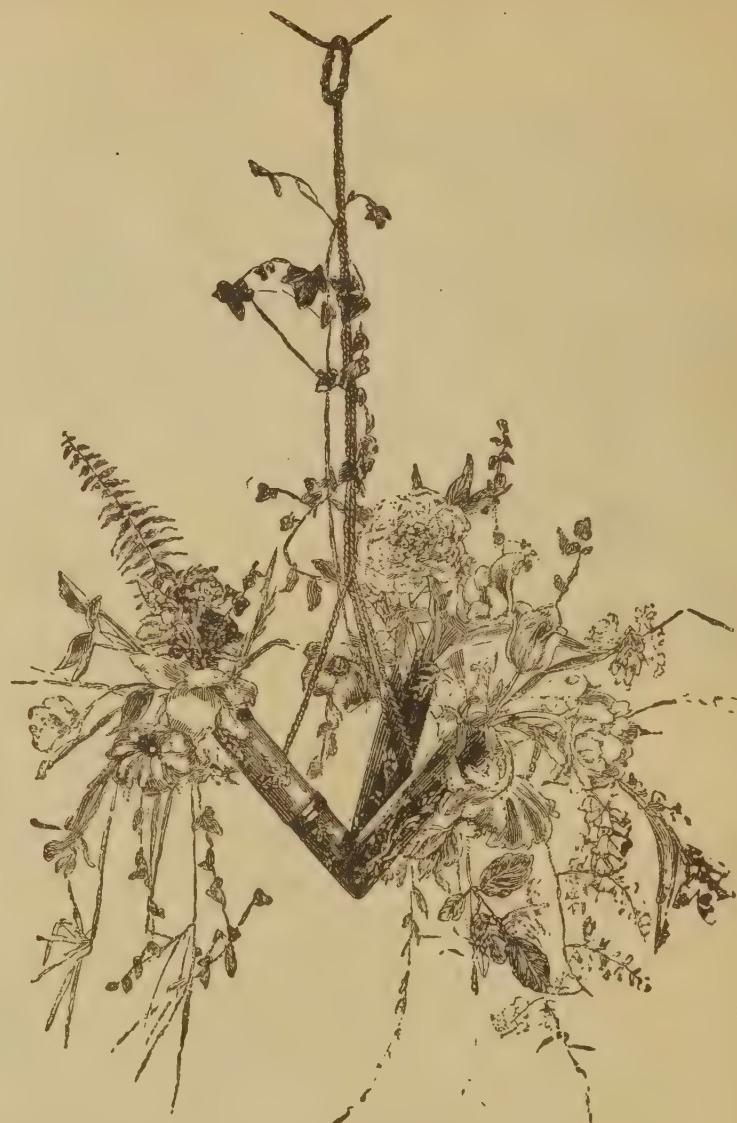
One of the most summyr decorations possible to a room or a veranda is a flower chandelier, whose make-up may easily be seen from the accompanying sketch. The three large sections of bamboo are dovetailed together at the point of the tripod, and suspended by three cords or wires in any nook where the services of a daylight chandelier may be desired. The water which keeps the flowers and vines fresh and bright is held in tin cylinders which are made to fit the bamboo rods, and are hidden from sight within them. The outside of the bamboo may be ornamented, if one wishes, with little Japanese designs of birds, butterflies, or flowers, cut into the bamboo with a sharp knife, a style of carving which is easy of accomplishment since the outer bark of the bamboo is so thin and brittle that it chips out readily, leaving the outlines light against the darker background. The rods should be fourteen or fifteen inches in length and five inches in diameter. Smaller sized ones can be made from the butts of bamboo fish-poles, or the tins can be used alone after painting some quiet color.

The Window-Garden Mission.

A branch of Flower Mission work which has done much toward brightening some of the daggiest neighborhoods of London and Liverpool, is accomplished by an association for the encouragement of window-gardening among the poor. One of their methods for interesting the inhabitants of the tenement house districts, and inducing a friendly rivalry among them in cultivating their tiny garden plots, is the annual flower show to which they send the fruits, or rather the flowers, of their labors, to compete for the prizes which are offered for different classes of plants and flowers. It is an attractive and lovely charity, and could be imitated almost anywhere.

Although there is no lack of opportunity for the kindly offices of a window-garden charity in any city or large town, yet so many of our poorer homes have little plots of ground round about them which afford ampler space than a window-box for a bit of bright coloring and a breath of flower fragrance, that the encouragement of gardening among the masses need not be limited to their window-sills. One wishes that the example might be contagious, so that little yards everywhere crowded with greenery and blossoms, instead of standing out in the general desolation like oases, might induce the whole desert to blossom like the rose.

An artesian well near Albert Lea, Minn., which spouts both oil and water, often changes the programme and sends out a stream of small minnows, which are wholly unlike any known species of fish found in that vicinity.



A FLOWER CHANDELIER.

Life After Forty.

The best half of life is in front of the man of forty, if he be anything of a man. The work he will do will be done with the hand of a master, and not of a raw apprentice. The trained intellect does not see "men as trees walking," but sees everything clearly, and in just measure. The trained temper does not rush at work like a blind bull at a haystack, but advances with the calm and ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. To no man is the world so new, and the future so fresh, as to him who has spent the early years of his manhood in striving to understand the deeper problems of science and life, and who has made some headway toward comprehending them. To him the commonest things are rare and wonderful, both in themselves, and as parts of a beautiful and intelligent whole. Such a thing as staleness in life and its duties he cannot understand. Knowledge is always opening out before him in wider expanses and more commanding heights. The pleasure of growing knowledge and increasing power makes every year of his life happier and more hopeful than the last.

It is said that a peg driven in the sole of a shoe will stop its creaking. That is a simple remedy for a too common nuisance.

In Raleigh, N. C., two colored prisoners condemned to receive 39 lashes were whipped in the presence of spectators, who paid 25 cents to get in, the gate money going to the prisoners, who took it as the silver lining of their particular cloud.

A very ingenious and convenient device has just been patented in England, by which a small purse can be readily and securely attached to the palm of any glove. The purse is made of a small shallow box or case, preferably of circular or oval form, with the back somewhat convex, so that it may fit in the hollow of the hand, while a portion of the front is made capable of being turned back on hinge joints at the sides. Secured to the purse is a spring hook or clip, which extends a distance outwards from its side, and then is turned back, so that it lies just below and in close proximity to the back. In order to fasten the purse to a glove, the clip is hooked over the palm, so that the purse lies in the middle. It has already been introduced into this country.

Some people complain because rubber goods are not made of the pure Para rubber. The fact is, that rubber bands, which are sometimes made of pure rubber, are the only articles in the manufacture of which the material is not mixed with something else. There is an excellent reason for this. Rubber overshoes made of the pure material would stretch so much that they could not retain their shape. The mixture of a reasonable amount of other substances makes overshoes not only cheaper but better adapted for use.

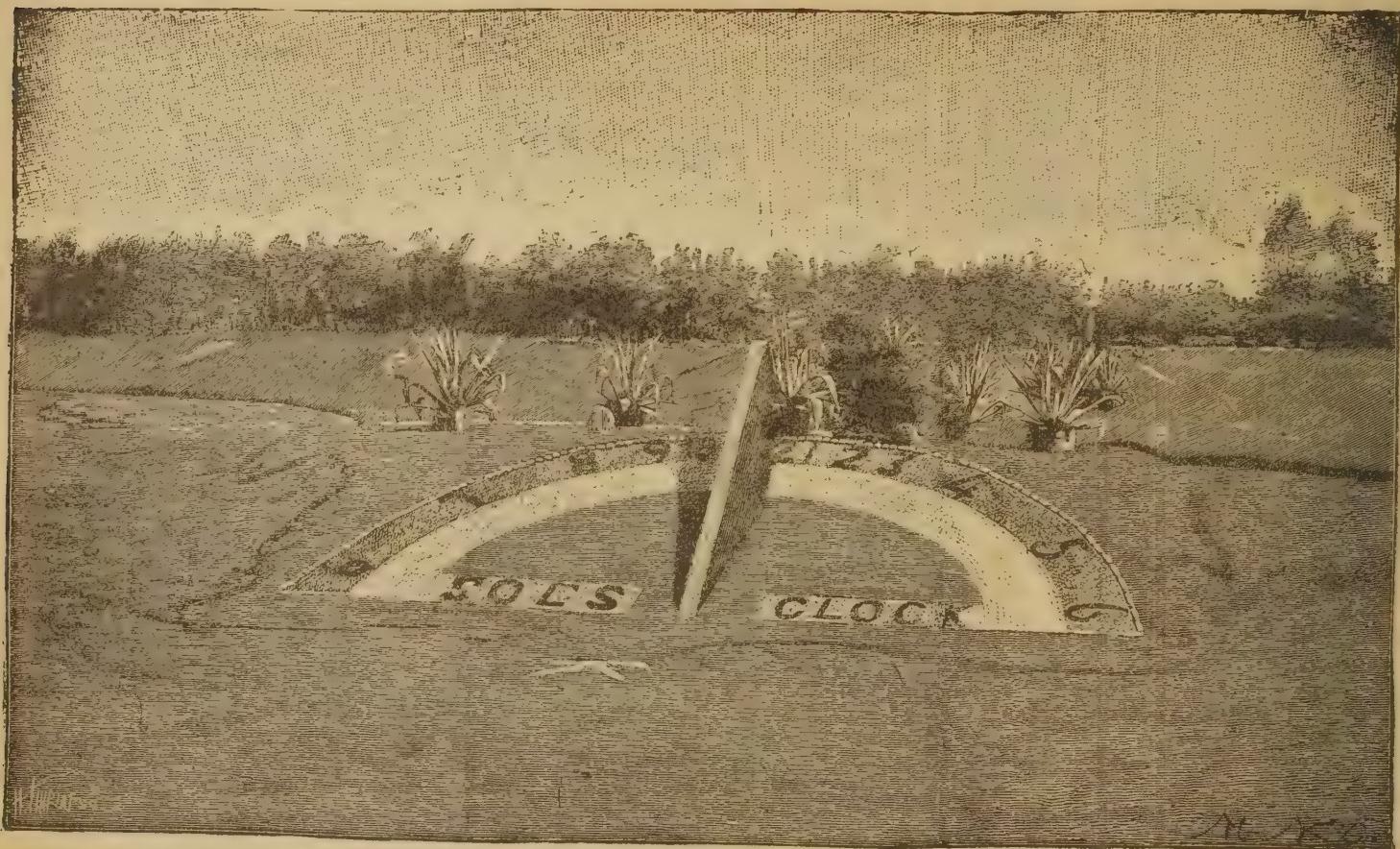
The process of whitening sugar was never known until a hen walked through a clay puddle and then strayed into the sugar-house. Her tracks were, of course, left in the piles of sugar, and when it was noticed that the spots where she had stepped were whiter than the rest, the process of bleaching sugar with clay was adopted.



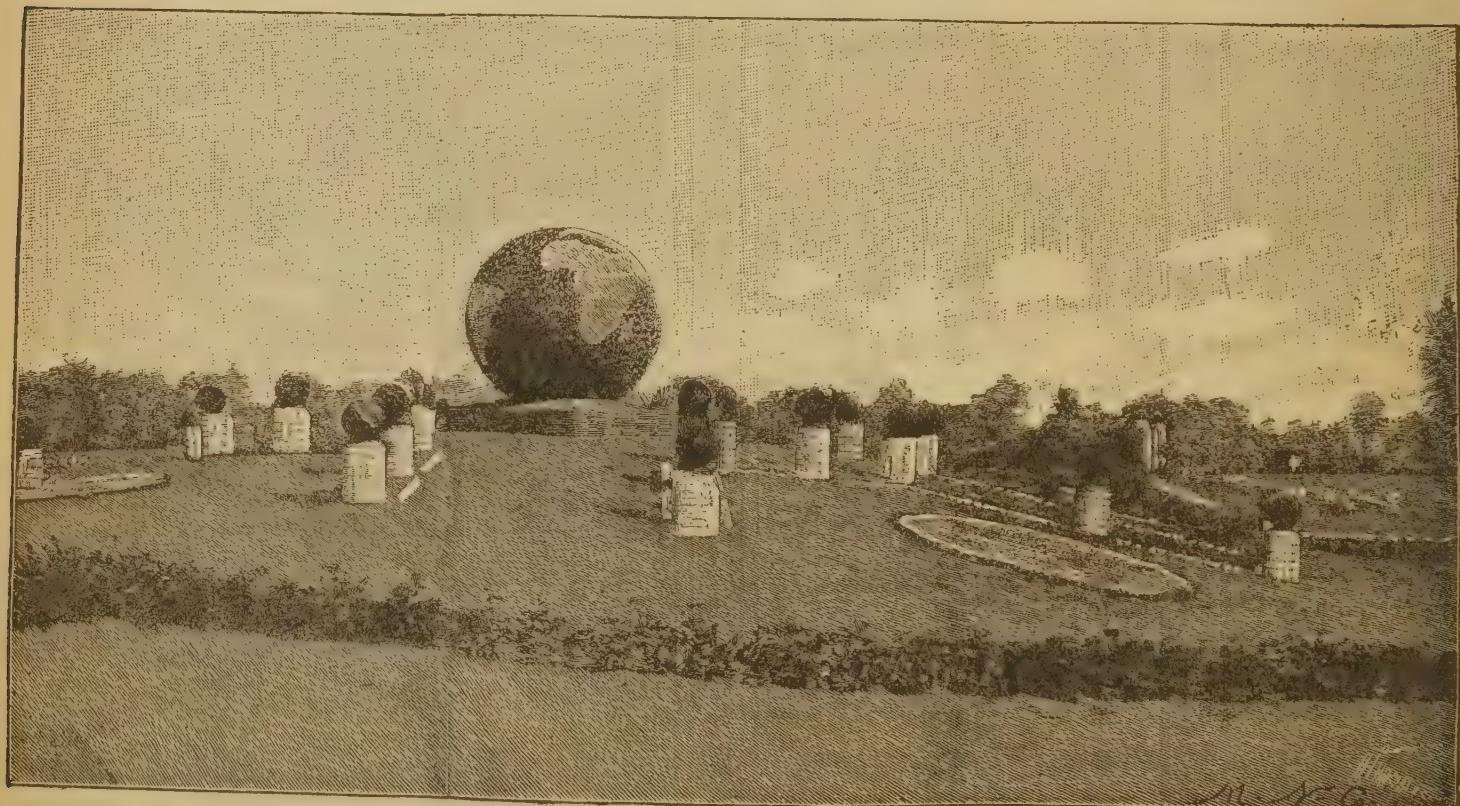
For you the fairest wreath I'll twine,
Of roses form'd and eglantine —
You'll take it, won't you ?
And mind you not when first we met,
And cheeks were flush'd and eyes were wet —
You do, love, don't you ?



You sigh, and can it be you feel
Love's magic influence o'er you steal ;
You do, sweet, don't you ?
Then oh ! at evening's sunset hour,
When passion wakes, as sleeps the flower,
You'll meet me, won't you ?



THE SUN DIAL.



ORNAMENTAL GARDENING IN CHICAGO PARKS.

The public parks of Chicago will command a fair share of attention from its visitors in '92. They are many of them connected by boulevards 250 feet wide, extending around the city, making a continuous drive of more than thirty miles. To the lover of landscape gardening, a drive through these beautiful parks will afford untold pleasure. One can but smile to think that in days gone by, the wild onion abounded where all this beauty now meets the eye. Indeed, it was the abundance of the Indian She-gau-ga-winze, or skunk weed, which gave the beautiful and wonderful city of Chicago its name. Our illustrations show some fancy designs in gardening in the parks.

REVELATIONS OF A CAMERA.



I CAME to Cresserton six months ago, as governess to Lucilla Elquhart, says Miss Hiron in a prize story in the November *London House-keeper*. At eighteen any change means hope, and I felt all the elation of a healthy emancipated school girl when I arrived with my slender luggage and my photographic apparatus, eager for new effects for my camera. It is a beautiful house is Cresston, and the park stretches away to the sea coast on one side, while a fair green expanse, richly timbered in the distance, lies inland as far as the eye can see.

"What a delightful home!" was my thought as I hastened to dress for dinner on the day of my arrival.

But the atmosphere of the place depressed me. The servants moved about in noiseless solemnity. Mrs. Elquhart looked limp and tearful in her heavy widow's weeds, my pupil had an odd wistful little face, and the cousin who lived with them, and who seemed to take the command, was an object of abhorrence to me from the first. His name was Herbert Cowan, he had a self-complacent air of mastery, and he treated the widow and Lucilla with scant courtesy.

Gradually I won my silent pupil's confidence. "I hate Herbert," she said to me one day, "but I must marry him."

I laughed, this seemed so odd from the lips of eleven years old.

"It's all so dreadful," said Lucilla, "don't laugh."

"Tell me, darling."

She hid her face against me and cried quietly. By degrees I gathered the story. Lucilla's mother was the second wife of the deceased John Elquhart, who had died three months before I came. He was old and gouty, and his death would have led to no such despairing grief as I saw around me. But a week after the funeral, his son, "Archie, my dear Archie!" as Lucilla called him, had gone to bathe with Herbert Cowan, and had been drowned.

"He was twenty-four," sobbed Lucilla, "No, his body wasn't found, the tide was too strong, and then came the storm, and Jackson was drowned."

"Who was Jackson?"

"One of the fishermen. Not a nice man, but Herbert liked him. If Archie had lived Herbert wouldn't be master here. Archie would have been kind to me and mother, he was always fond of mother, though he wasn't her own son."

I further learnt that only Mrs. Elquhart's promise of Lucilla's hand to the new owner of Cresserton had saved her from being sent away to seek a home elsewhere with her child.

"And we should have been so poor," ended Lucilla, "but Smith says I shall be rich at last, and that's why Herbert wants me to marry him."

And oh! Miss Atkins, Smith says that Jackson haunts the coast and—

"Hush, dear, we will go out for a walk."

We went towards the sea. Far out, on a suddenly rising rock, I saw an old tower. I resolved to take a photograph of it, but Lucilla hurried me on.

"Oh, don't look at it dear Miss Atkins, that's where Jackson was drowned, he often went in his boat, I think he kept nets there."

"There is a boat now," I said, and as we watched, we saw Herbert Cowan nearing the shore, having evidently just left the tower.

"It used to be a lighthouse," said Lucilla, "but it's all ruined now; and it's very dangerous to go there."

Smith, the lady's maid, who was the most talkative person at Cresserton, assured me that evening that the tower was haunted, and that the ghost of that good-for-nothing Jackson was seen there on moonlight nights, rowing in a boat round and round the spot.

One day when Lucilla was engaged with her mother, I took my camera and made several photographs of the tower, as it stood clear in the April sunlight, across the rippling waters.

Nothing could be more lonely than the outlook, a sea-gull flapping lazily along the water was the only sign of life. I hastened home to develop my plates in a little dark closet which opened from my room.

I was intercepted in the hall by Mr. Cowan, he usually treated me with the disdain of a wealthy landowner for a poor dependant. But now he asked me where I had been.

"I have been taking some photographs," I said. "You're much too pretty to go out alone," fell on my astonished ears, "come and have a glass of wine." As he spoke he put his hand on my shoulder, and I then saw that he had been drinking. Without answering I twisted myself from his grasp and ran upstairs, hearing a sneering laugh behind me. Rather alarmed, I locked my door, and tried to forget the unpleasant encounter by setting to work in the dark closet. I went on more and more steadily for an hour or so, but it seemed that today was to bring startling disclosures. Every photograph of the tower came out clear and well, but on each and all was something that had not been revealed to my gaze over that smiling sea. A man in a boat, pointing up to the tower! Yes, there he was again, a black bearded desperate looking fellow! One, and one only had I been able to get of the coast line, for the light had begun to fail. I trembled as I proceeded to develop this, for what might I not find? Ah, yes! There were two figures struggling on the shore, and the same black bearded man was rowing towards them in his boat. One of the figures was Herbert Cowan, the other I did not know.

Much agitated I rang my bell.

"Will you ask Smith if she can come and speak to me?" I said, as naturally as I could to the trim maid.

Smith came, evidently expecting an appeal about some toilet difficulty.

"Do you recognize these?" I asked, handing her the photographs.

Smith shrieked shrilly, and dropped into a chair. I requested her to be calm, and explained how I obtained the weird evidences of some foul play.

"My word! that's Jackson, and there's Mr. Archie to the life!" cried Smith. "Well, well, it's just what the fisher folks say they see at night—but law; who'd have believed it?"

After I had quieted her, we took counsel. Smith had a friend among the fishermen, and we agreed that the secret must be kept from all at Cresserton.

That night I left the house with Smith. Her friend's boat was ready. We were rowed silently over the calm waters to the tower, Smith clutching my hand convulsively. The landing place was on the other side of the tower, and a light twinkled from a little window above the rude doorway.

We knocked. The window was opened and a head thrust out, while a clear manly voice cried, "What now?"

"Oh, Mr. Archie!" shrieked Smith, hysterically.

"Hallo—found me at last, have you?"

The head disappeared, and the door was quickly opened. The deep tones of the fisherman was heard sending up thanks to God.

"Ay, indeed," cried young Elquhart, nearly smothered with Smith's demonstrations.

"I knew they'd think me dead! Herbert and that villain Jackson overpowered me and brought me here. I've been supplied with food and clothes, but that cousin of mine wanted me to sign away my birthright and go off to Australia. I believe he would have killed me if he dare. Why does Jackson never come now? Drowned, is he; poor fellow, ah, well, I'll go back in your boat. How did you find out where I was?"

Here his eyes fell on me, a stranger, standing in the light of the lantern, which hung from the roof of the little room.

Smith entered on a voluble explanation. I felt too happy and perhaps too shy to speak much. We rowed back, and gaily enough did Mr. Elquhart run up to his old room, planning how he would "astonish mother and Lu. in the morning." I was purposely late. I was standing at my window, wondering how soon I might go down, when there was a hurried knock at my door, it flew open, and with one bound Lucilla was in my arms, laughing and crying. "Oh! Miss Atkins, you found him, mother wants you, Archie wants you—Herbert's gone—Oh! you should have seen his face. He just stood at the door a minute, and Archie got up from the breakfast table laughing, and then Herbert turned round and went away. He'll never come back. He daren't, and I needn't marry him now; I won't, Archie will take care of me." So the child rattled on, breathless with joy. When I entered the breakfast room Mrs. Elquhart kissed me tearfully, her step-son wrung my hand, and I was glad to hurry back to fetch the tell-tale photographs.

A good deal has happened since then. No more ghosts have appeared at Cresserton. This is my first situation, and it is to be my last, for I shall become Archie's wife in a few months; he says he owes his life and his home to me. I hear him calling me now, "Violet, Violet." I cannot write any more, but Lucilla wants me to say that she is to be bridesmaid.

Gushing Young Friend—Which do you like to kiss the most—dolly or me?

The Precocious Child—Well, dolly's red cheeks don't come off on my clean pinafore like yours and mamma's, so I s'pose I'd rather kiss dolly.—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

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The straw is bright and of sufficient strength to support a heavy crop without flagging or falling down. Grain white, short and very thick, somewhat barley-shaped, very free from sharp points or beards rendering it a very pleasant grain to handle when threshed. In productiveness it is unexcelled and the uniform weight of the grain is something remarkable, easily weighing 40 lbs. per bushel as it leaves the separator. Unquestionably this new variety has a future before it which agriculturists will do well to consider.

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E. B. SIMONDS, Ex-State Senator, Deacon of the Congregational Church, Glover, Vt., aged 83.

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"In the winter of 1889 I took a severe cold, which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort, I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. I am never without this medicine."—G. W. YOUNKIN, Salem, N. J.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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Including many of the most popular English, Irish, Scotch, and Negro Songs, as well as popular Comic, Sentimental, and Operatic selections.

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Afar in the wood.	Captain Meggs.	Highland Mary.	Ruby.	The minstrel boy.
Annie Laurie.	Come, let's to bed.	In the gloaming.	Molly Bawn.	Twickenham ferry.
Auld lang syne.	Coal black Rose.	Joe o' Hazeldean.	Robinson Crusoe.	The shipwright.
Auld grey kirk.	Castles in the air.	Jolly raftsmen.	Rock a bye baby.	Robin Adair.
Auld Robin Gray.	Comin' thro' the rye.	Jim crack corn.	Reed a boogie.	The cobbler's end.
Alice Gray.	Call me thine own.	Kathleen Aroon.	Sweet Annie.	The maiden's vow.
A love song.	Dost thou love me.	Kinloch o' Kinloch.	Molly Mogg.	Shabby genteel.
By-gone hours.	Dearest Mae.	Larboard watch.	Old Joe.	Thou art mine.
Bonnie Doon.	First love.	Little Bo-peep.	Old King Crow.	Tullochmore.
Bruce's address.	Farewell, ladies.	Little Miss Muffett.	Over the mountain.	Wist, wist, wist.
Bachelor's fare.	Gumbo Chaff.	Lubly Dine.	The Inglaeade.	Yankee girls.
A hunting we will go.	Harpax the merchant.	Our flag is there.	The red rose.	Zip Coon.
A wet sheet and a flowing sea.	How happy could I be with.	My pretty yaller girl.	The dawning of the day.	
Annie o' the banks o' Dee.	I whistle and wait for Katie.	Molly put the kettle on.	The little fisher maiden.	
A man's a man for a' that.	I'm o'er young to marry yet.	Ole Bull and Dan Tucker.	The soldier's return.	
By the blue Alsatian mount's.	I'm a' down for lack o' Johnnie.	O Willie brewed a peck o' maut.	The Scottish emigrant's fare.	
Bannocks o' barley meal.	I little dream when first I saw.	O lassie, art thou sleeping yet?	The letter in the candle.	
Barney, leave the girls alone.	I cannot sing the old songs.	Oh ye are sleeping, Maggie?	The laird o' Cockpen.	
Believe me, if all those endear.	I saw Esau kissing Kate.	O Charley is my darling.	The wandering Savoyard.	
Bird of the greenwood.	Jessie the flower of Dunblane.	O whistle and I'll come to you,	There was an old woman.	
Blue bell of Scotland.	Jack Sprat could eat no fat.	my lad.	'Tis the last rose of summer.	
Captain with his whisks.	John Anderson, my Jo.	Pussy cat, where have you b'n?	'Tis better not to know.	
Charley over the water.	Kissing over the garden wall.	There never'll be peace till.	There'll be a dower.	
Christmas bells at sea.	King Wital's garden horn.	Sing, darkies, sing.	Thou'rt like a dower.	
Come rest in this bosom.	Listen to the nightingale.	See saw, Margery Daw.	[Jamie.	
Come under my plaidie.	London's bonnie woods and.	The harp that once through.	Tom, Tom, the piper's son.	
Douglas, tender and true.	Little Annie Rooney. [bras.	Tara's halls.	Way down south in Alabama.	
Good night and joy wi' you's.	Little man and little maid.	Three fishers went sailing.	When good King Arthur rul'd.	
He stole my tender heart away.	My love she's but a lassie yet.	The butterfly and the rose.	Where are you going, my	
Hickory dickory dock.	My heart is fair for somebody.	The bride's farewell.	pretty maid?	

We will send this collection of 145 of the best songs including the great popular song, "Comrades," for only 15 CENTS. Don't pay 30 or 40 cents for one song when you can get 145 for only 15 cents.

This will be mailed as a premium with one subscriber, or three copies with two.

PREMIUM DEPARTMENT, VICK'S MAGAZINE, Rochester, N. Y.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE,

1892.

WHAT IS IT?

It is what its name claims for it—a "guide" in fact as well as name.

It is not a "primer" or cheap production hastily thrown together.

It is "unabridged" and as a Floral Guide is perfection itself.

Its production requires several solid months of the best working talent and brain obtainable.

No pains or expense have been spared to present to our half million customers the most perfect work of its kind.

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NOVELTIES, yes, lots of them, both of Vegetables and Flowers, some of the best ever brought out.

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Curls Made in Thir-
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It is perfectly clean, will not soil the skin or hair. They are simple, light, and easily used. They curl quicker, and the hair stays in curl longer than when curled in any other way. They require no heat or moisture to produce perfect natural curls. They are not unsightly when in use, and can be applied or taken down in a few minutes. They will not tear or break the hair, and are in fact Perfect. Once used no lady will do without them. Full directions for use in every box. Price, 25 cents per box, postpaid.

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In writing to advertisers mention Vick's Magazine.

A
POETICAL
LETTER.



To home the other evening when comfortably seated for a quiet hour with my books, the good wife brought out the back numbers of *Vick's Floral Guide*, which she has carefully preserved, beginning with 1861. After a short time I was startled by a merry laugh, and upon inquiring the cause was treated to a little rest and recreation in the way of an original poem published in *The Guide* for 1867. I write to request the publication of it

in the MONTHLY MAGAZINE. I feel certain that many of your subscribers will enjoy reading it.

Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 12, 1892. J.S.

It gives us pleasure to grant this favor to an old friend and then like him we have enjoyed reading.

DEAR MR. VICK:

"VICK's Illustrated Catalogue and *Floral Guide*" is now lying cozily here by my side, A marvel of neatness, of beauty and art, A wonder in every illustrative part. A light seems to shine out of every sweet page, That stamps it the *Floral Sun* of the age. It fills up a void (and not small on the list) Which ladies have felt very long to exist;— Inasmuch as it tells them not only the *breeds*, The names and the *habits* of all the good seeds, But also directs them (in language not scant), When, how, where and whether they *oughter* to plant. (This *oughter*'s a word not in Webster or Walker, But serves, in a *tight place*, the writer and talker.) I don't a bit wonder the ladies all round Are believers in VICK with affection profound, And should you continue your favors and gifts, I fear they will, go into still higher lifts, And, fairly outrunning each Catholic quick, Anoint you while living, "The Goodly Saint VICK," Or a thousand years hence, in their gardens and Bowers,

Will sing of "St. VICK, the dear patron of Flowers," (You think I am *hum-ming* perhaps, in my zeal— O, no! I assure you—I write what I feel, And for proof, to your *Cover* and *front leaves* appeal, Where the ladies—maid, sister, niece, daughter and wife,

Declare them the richest they've seen in their life.) For proof, too, I might bring my own Lady N., Who thinks Mr. VICK is the nicest of men, Because he so gaudily furnished her yard Last summer with flowers to praise and regard, (And sent her *much more* than to order she dared). And, dear me! you ought to have seen her work round, By the hour after hour, in her dear charming ground; How she watched the young *Asters*, just sprouting in birth,

Or gave Flore-Pleno a little more earth; Or taught Everlastings the way they should go, Or watch'd the gay Balsams maturing to blow; Or train'd the proud Zinnias up straight by a shingle— (By the way tho', they turn'd out at last to be single. But never mind that, for the others paid double, In beauty and bloom, all the labor and trouble); Or trim'd Ten-weeks Stock and nurs'd every way The delicate stem for its future display;) Which, I tell you, came off indescribably gay;— Or Pansies, the dear little darlings were cheer'd, And encouraged along till the blossoms appear'd; And how the "old rooster" precipitately fled From the terrible broomstick discharged at his head As he stood with his *ugly old feet* on the bed, And got such a scare that he dared not to put In the Kingdom of Flowers again his huge foot. But the hens, I believe, in their social gyrations, Required other swift and severe broomstick-a-tions To make them respect the Petunias and Phlox As much as they did Flore-Pleno and Stocks. For you see 'twas my Lady's intention and aim To make them consider all beds as the same; To wit: that wherever her flowers were found, All hens were forbidden to tread on the ground.

Again, it would pleas'd you and mov'd you withal,

When the weather grew hot and the water grew small, When the haze of the morning and clouds of the night Were more than dispell'd by the Sun in his might, And the dews of the morning sufficed in poor way, To last the poor flowers with drink through the day, And they held their sweet arms up imploringly high For the water-pot spout or a dash from the sky;— O! then was the time you would look'd with delight, And richly enjoyed the affectionate sight, To see Lady N. through the flower grounds sail, Her sun-bonnet floating out loose on the gale, With basin, cup, ewer, pot, pitcher and pail, All filled with the water sublimed in the sun To shower in passing on every dear one: A *sprinkle* for this one, for that one a *gush*, On others a *dew*, and for others a *slush*, On one, very tender, a delicate *plash*, Another submerged with a liberal *dash*. Each one had its share as the catalogue said— 'Twas wondrous how quickly they held up their head, And opening their fingers, exclaimed, "very good!" And, "thank you, dear mistress!" as well as they could.

We come, now, to what all your customers tell, Of what they have done with the seeds which you sell; And when they stand waving in long fragrant trains, How well they repay all the labor and pains, The toil of the hoe, and the rake and the spade, The shaping of beds and reducing to grade; The showers that come, not from sky, but the *well*— The weeding and trimmings—too many to tell. All these as a drop in the bucket compare, When flowers and fragrance flaunt out on the air; At least it was so with my lady, I wot, In the buds and the blossoms all toil was forgot, (For the place where they grew was an Eden-like spot.)

And, now and then, neighbor, and sister and friend Would drop in, an hour or a moment to spend, When certain she was, with a warm look, to say, "You *must go* and look at my flowers today!" "O yes! I must certainly look, ere I go— I've heard so much said of their beauty and show. Well, now, *I do say!* if this isn't superb! Did ever earth bear such a beautiful herb! Pray, what did you say, these were all in a flock?" "Why that's Flore Pleno, and this is the Stock." "Is this 'ere an Aster?" "Which one?" "By my hand," "O yes! that's a German." "Well, now, *that is grand!* If I could raise flowers like these, I declare! I'd spend all my time in their culture and care."

Then another good friend would drop in by the way—"I thought *I must* call in and see you today, Your flowers so charming do look from the street, Whenever I'm passing, so gaudy and neat, I told *our folks* certain I'd make you a call, And see and admire and enjoy them withal!"

Then follows a gay and a jubilant time, Both chatt'ring at once in delectable chime; I wish you could stood there, behind some bush thick, And heard them discourse on the praises of "VICK." But I mustn't describe it in full in this strain,

For fear it might make you feel trenchant and vain, Or give you a touch of *conceit on the brain*.

Another friend calls in to see her, and says, "Your flowers I hear a'most every one praise, The nicest they've seen in a great many days."

A farmer rides by in his cart, and declares,

"Your flowers seem putting on extra-fine airs!

I never ride by but I feel a desire

To get out and go in the yard and admire.

I should turn round and look, I may verily say,

If passing the yard twenty times in a day."

A thousand of thanks for your liberal hand,

Dispensing the seeds we were pleas'd to command.

You sent *many more* than we ventured to name,

Of exquisite sorts (many thanks for the same):

They all were the nicest and richest of kinds,

As rarely the commonplace gardener finds.

They all bore their flowers and fruits, I believe,

In richest profusion the mind can conceive.

My Cucumbers yielded a summer supply,

So tender and rich to the palate and eye;

The Balsams were double as double could be,

The Pinks the most double we ever did see,

The Asters might well be called double-de-dee;

Flore-plenos as large as a pin-cushion's face,

Petunias and Phloxes redolent with grace,

And Pansies most nobly sustaining their place.

The Stock of ten weeks, sir! don't say a word there,

Till our language comes up to describe what they were,

(If your flowers go on, I shall certain desire

Our language be carried up *one story* higher.

Indeed, all these letters you give, without cant, Decidedly show such a great social want; SUPERB must be swelled up to SUPERB-ER-A-CIOUS, And SPLENDID must rise to SPLENDIFEROUS — by gracious!

And so on to make a harmonious figure, The *high* and the *grand* must be *higher* and *bigger*; While objects before comprehensive to sense, Must swell up among the *unfold* and *immense*.) But where was I? O! on the Stock of ten weeks— Yes, yes! well, so ruddy and bright were their cheeks, They bloomed and they flaunted till little John Frost Became very jealous of all their gay boast, And shook his cold wing at them, one evening clear, (Along in the autumn or fall of the year), Which set Lady N. in a tremor of fear; So she took half a dozen—the best of the lots,— And straightway transferred them to pitchers and pots,

And there they kept blooming and scenting the room, With the loveliest tints and the richest perfume, Till full of concern for the stalks and the root, That bore such perpetual and beautiful fruit, She tenderly begged them to know if they couldn't Stop blooming and scenting awhile? but they wouldn't. And so they prolonged out their sweetness and pride, I think—I believe—nay, *I know*—till they died.

When last they were laid in the cellar away, To cobwebs, John Frost, and oblivion a prey. I got your "Bulb Catalogue" promptly last fall, (And for it my thanks are not *single* or *small*.) And read and admir'd it—and that isn't all—Lady N., too, perused it with interest no less, Selecting full many she'd like to possess. Well, soon, of an evening, we sat down to choose The names of the bulbs the most proper to use, To send up (of course with the money) to you, In order to have them in season "put through." I got the list finished—all ready to go—But (a word in your ear), my dear VICK, don't you know

These poets, whose lines are all flowers and honey, Are often much richer in *rhymes* than in *money*? So I waited for dollars more plenty to spend, And waited, and waited, resolved still to send, And waited in hope, and continued to wait For money more *flush*—till—I vow! 'twas too late! John Frost got possession of garden and house, And would handle the bulbs as a cat does a mouse; The earth was froze stiff, or else covered with snow— And so we reluctantly let the bulbs go.

There now remains nothing, as I can conceive, Excepting to take an affectionate leave: To wish you success in the culture of seeds, And pleasure of sending out many new breeds. Supplying your thousands of customers' needs. I hope every seed, when its leaf is unfurled, May bring a sweet flower to brighten the world, And every dear lady, who plants them in earth, Get *thrice* in return what her money is worth. I ought to name here what I want for next spring— But no, sir, I'll make that a separate thing. I'll write you again when I find out our needs, And put in the money, and names of the seeds. This letter is long enough now—yes, *too long*, I dare say you're *tired to death* of the song. One word, though—if ever you visit these parts, To nestle a while 'mid these homes and their hearts, And see the effects of your labor and pains Among the green lawns by the high-streets and lanes,—

Whenever you take any Danbury rides, Remember the promise of old still abides, To see all the flowers—my lady's pet prides, "Free—gratis—for nothing—and thank you besides." And having said this we will let the theme drop, For where shall I find a place better to stop? Whenever you come this way, seeking us duly, Enquire for "Oak Cottage" and yours, most truly,

JAMES W. NICHOLS,

Oak Cottage, Danbury, Conn., 1866.

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The Story of Life.

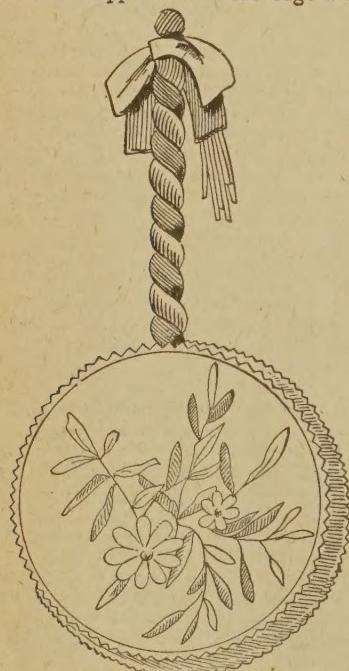
Only the same old story told in a different strain;
Sometimes a smile of gladness, and then a stab of
pain;
Sometimes a flash of sunlight, again the drifting rain.
Sometimes it seems to borrow from the rose its crim-
son hue;
Sometimes black with thunder, then changed to a
brilliant blue;
Sometimes as false as Satan, sometimes as Heaven
true.

Only the same old story, but oh! how the changes
ring!
Prophet and priest, and peasant, soldier and scholar,
and king;
Sometimes the warmest hand clasps leaves in the palm
a sting.
Sometimes in the hush of even, sometimes in the
mid-day strife;
Sometimes with dove-like calmness, sometimes with
passions rife,
We dream it, write it, live it—this weird, wild story
of life.

—Boston Transcript.

A Clever Suggestion.

A pretty penwiper to hang on a desk is made
of a small Japanese fan, says a lady writer.
Choose a round fan about three inches in diameter.
Cover the circle neatly with silk ornamented
with embroidery, or better still paint
flowers, birds or butterflies upon the silk after it
is stretched upon the fan, then from the arms of
worn out Suede evening gloves cut circular
pieces a little smaller than the fan and secure
them to it by one or two stitches through the
center. Several circles of different colors either
pinned or chipped out on the edge with the

**A FAN PENWIPER.**

scissors will be needed. The handle may be wound with ribbon with a looped bow on the end to suspend the penwiper to the wall or desk.

CHRYSANTHEMUM CESARE COSTA.—A writer in the *London Garden* has the following to say of this new French variety of the Japanese section: Two quite distinct forms of flowers can be cut from plants grown under but a slight difference of method. The date when flower-buds form on plants that are cultivated for the production of large blooms is the all important point to observe where variety in coloring is needed. Flowers developed from early buds of this are of a brilliant dazzling red, owing to the florets recurring, thus showing their upper surface; whereas in later formed buds the florets incurve, hiding the bright color altogether, showing in its place the very dull red of the underneath side of the florets.

To our Friends and Customers:

If, through some mistake, you should fail to receive a copy of *Vick's Floral Guide, 1892*, by the last of January, kindly notify us of the fact and a copy will be forwarded immediately, as we intend each regular customer shall have a copy, not only to select from, but that they may see what new things of real merit are being introduced.

JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y.

Protecting Plants.

Plants which have been newly set in the garden will need winter protection, even though they may be hardy. Possibly this may be an operation which still needs attending to. All newly set plants are in danger of being thrown out of the ground by frosts, or at least severely injured, unless earthed up in the case of trees and shrubs, or covered with leaves or litter if herbaceous plants or bulbs. The middle temperate latitudes are usually more trying on many kinds of hardy plants than those further north. Where there is steady cold weather and the snow lies on the ground all winter there is usually less liability of injury to exposed plants than in those places where freezing and thawing are frequent. Roses are particularly liable to injury, and should be amply protected. This is done sometimes by drawing up a high mound of soil around the plants, or another method is to tie straw about each plant from bottom to top. Flexible stems of roses can be bent downwards and the tops held by pegs driven into the ground; after this a covering of leaves, held on by some sods over them, will give excellent protection. Raspberry and blackberry canes and grapevines can be sheltered by bending them to the ground and laying a sod or stone on the ends to hold them. Attention to this matter now will show results next summer.

A USEFUL INVENTION.

Much interest is being taken by the physicians of this city in a case of almost total deafness, which has been nearly if not entirely relieved by an inexpensive invention belonging to F. HISCOX, of 853 Broadway, New York City. As every known device, and the most skillful treatment, had failed to afford relief, the case was believed to be incurable, and the success of this invention, which is easily and comfortably adjusted, and practically invisible, is considered a remarkable triumph.

With all her faults Chicago is consistent. Even her Sunday-school conventions are held at Lake Bluff.—*New York Recorder*.

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